



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

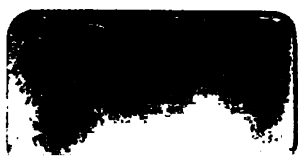
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

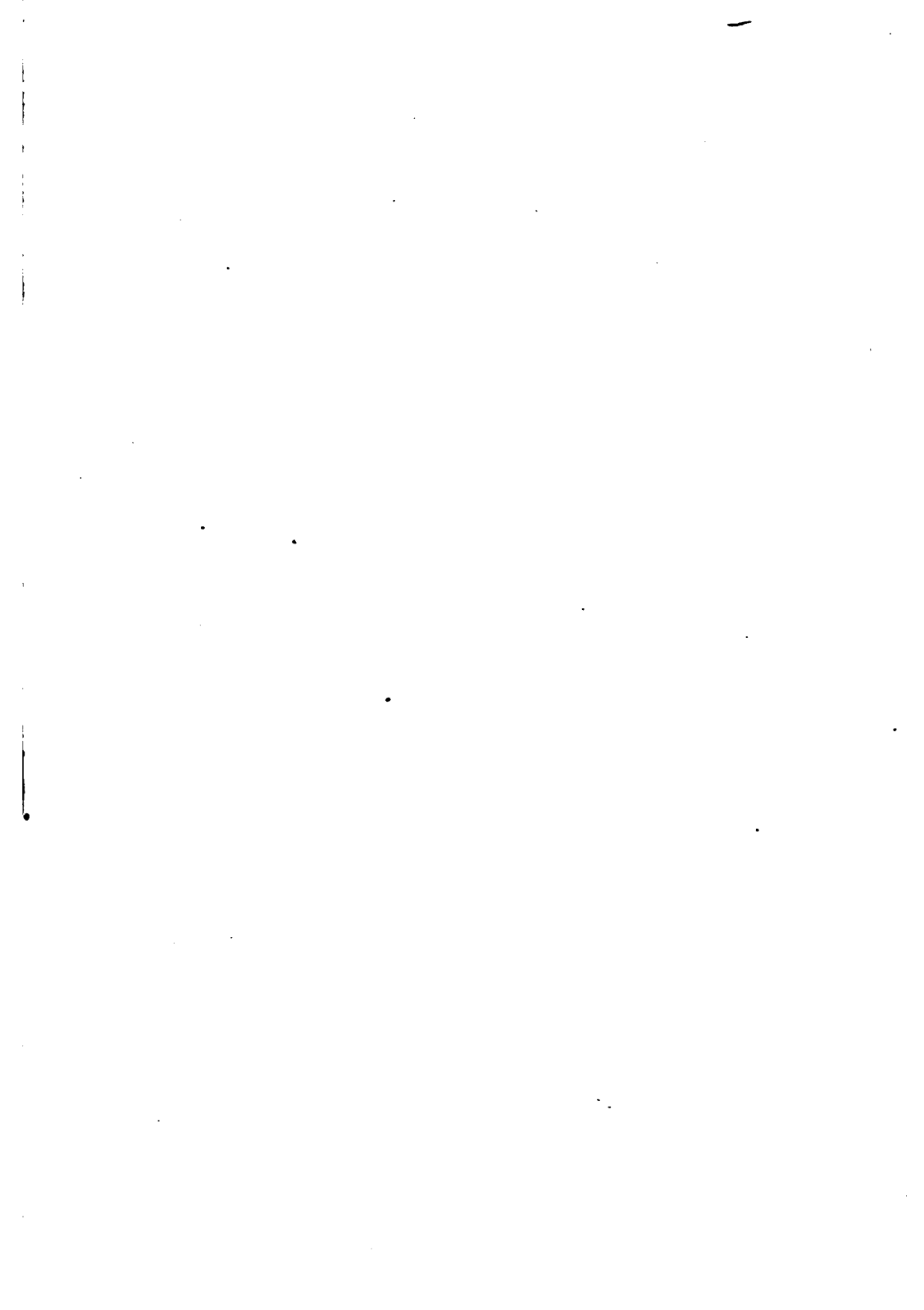
### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



M. E. Hughes  
at Louisa







W. E. H. GRAMP

---

THE JOURNAL  
OF  
A GRANDFATHER

---

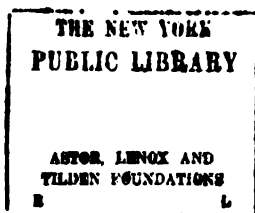




---

**THE JOURNAL  
OF  
A GRANDFATHER**

---



Copyright 1912  
By W. E. HUGHES  
Saint Louis, Mo.

**TO**  
**MY GRANDDAUGHTER**

Who all her life has been my chum and my  
companion, and with me, "Ever with a frolic-  
welcome took the thunder and the sunshine."

**BY**  
**W. E. H. GRAMP**

**PRIVATELY PRINTED**

Bulwer May 6, 1957

## CONTENTS

Chapter		Page
I.	Why I Write - - - - -	7
II.	Family Environment and Education - -	11
III.	I Leave Home - - - - -	31
IV.	I Go With the Sheep - - - - -	39
V.	To the Southern Army - - - - -	65
VI.	In the Army - - - - -	79
VII.	From 1865 to 1895 - - - - -	135
VIII.	Coaching in Cowboy Land - - - - -	143
IX.	Winter On a Ranch - - - - -	171
X.	An Indian Episode - - - - -	189
XI.	A Forest Ride - - - - -	201
XII.	Riding and Shooting in Scotland - -	211
XIII.	Kickem's Run With the Denver Hounds	219
XIV.	The Biographers - - - - -	227

## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

W. E. H. Gramp	- - - -	Frontispiece
		<small>Facing Page</small>
Kickem, in Her Lispng Infancy	- - - -	10
The Granddaughter was then Young and Fair	-	14
Bammy, the Wheel-horse in Our Conjugal Team		138
An Only Child and Grandchild	- - - -	141
For a Park Drive from the City Home	- -	145
A Midday Lunch by the Wayside	- - -	155
Cottonwood Ranch	- - - - -	171
Gramp, Tom Draw, and the Other Dogs	- -	177
Thomas Jefferson Goes With Us	- - -	182
Satanta, Kiowa Chief	- - - - -	194
The Dignity of Her Senior Year	- - -	201
Her Free Swing and Follow Through	- - -	202
She Handles Well a Four Upon Occasion	-	216
General and the Girl Flying Over	- - -	225



# CHAPTER ONE

## WHY I WRITE

**I** HAVE just been reading from the Journal of a Recluse that Benvenuto Cellini, a somewhat famous Italian, opens his biography by saying that "all men, no matter their condition, if they have done anything worth while, ought with their own hand to write a description of their life, but ought not to commence doing so until they have passed the age of forty." This journalist who so quotes from Cellini, adds: "And I? Have I done anything worth while?"

I shall not ask myself that question. I am long past my fortieth mile-post. If I have done nothing worth while by this time I am not likely to, so, as I have a chit of a girl to come after me who has enjoyed with me some of the scenes I wish to write of, I shall write.

Age is garrulous. I have reached my three score years and ten; so, as my early ambitions are all about gratified or given up, and as I have never talked much of my life, I think I will rather enjoy writing about

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

it, thus, as it were, living over again scenes well-nigh forgotten, letting—

“Reminiscent thoughts create  
Landscape and incident before me.”

Furthermore, it may be that when I am dust and ashes some part of what I write here, may recall my love and devotion to those that come after me, and my solicitude for their welfare.

I shall be able, too, to write family history, happenings, and experiences that must otherwise remain unknown to them. For is not—

“All experience an arch wherethr’o  
Gleams that untravell’d World whose margin fades  
Forever and forever when we move.”

Besides, have not I, too,

“Seen and known  
Cities of men and manners, climates,  
Councils, governments; and drunk delight  
Of battle with my peers.”

Again, this journal is to a granddaughter, and whatever I may write will, I know, be worth while to her. For I “have lived, thought, felt keenly,” and, as someone has said, “Isn’t that the essence of literature?”

I lay no claim to literary excellence; for, “What we are, we are.” If in writing this, too, I attempt to go beyond family history, and my own life events, I may write of outdoor life and scenes that have done so much to lighten and brighten my life. I shall browse, too, from all fields; pick and quote, often with imper-



*WHY I WRITE*

fect memory, from all authors that come to me, who have said somewhere and sometime, better than I can, the things I want to say here.

I may not, too, always write from libraries where there are books; but from ranches, or from camps and cabins in the forests and by the streams—sometimes even upon a saddle-blanket under a tree where the woods are thickest; or on the mountain side where the views are finest.

I am a poor walker, but a good rider; and these days I greatly love to ride a favorite horse through the hills and valleys among the cattle, getting down frequently to rest the old horse and myself. It is an easy matter to carry a notebook and pencil in one saddle-pocket and a biscuit in the other, and to dismount, unsaddle, spread the saddle-blanket and write, if in writing mood. I always divide the biscuit with the old horse, so he never leaves me. After the biscuit, while the horse browses for grass, I may sometimes browse for ideas—my own or some one else's—I am just as apt to get some one else's as my own, and I do not mind if I do. The result may be a mixture—a kind of mosaic, as it were—"my blend" as my liquor dealer sometimes says in his printed label on the bottles he sends me.

The granddaughter, our only child now, for whom I write this journal, as she was none too robust in her infancy, I have kept with me, having her lead an outdoor life as much as possible, and that she may have something to interest and keep her there, I have

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

encouraged her in her natural taste for all wholesome outdoor sports. I call our granddaughter Kickem, and should any one ask how she acquired her unclassical name, I would answer, her rightful name is Clifton, this, in her first lisping infancy, from her inability to pronounce her given name, she synonymed Kickem.

Kickem, from the first, seemed to take advantage of our kinship, and at times to be most irreverent, early calling me Gramp, and her grandmother Bammy. Bammy is right enough for a white-haired, sweet-faced, middle-aged woman, but Gramp! Who ever heard of a Gramp? It sounds doubtless most disrespectful, but somehow, I never thought it so. So, Gramp it is, and as Gramp I shall write this journal, satisfying if I can, as Cellini says we must, that natural curiosity as to my credibility and as to my family.



**Kickem, in Her Lispering Infancy**



## CHAPTER TWO

### FAMILY ENVIRONMENT AND EDUCATION

**M**Y father was a Virginian, of Scotch-Irish descent. As John Fiske says: "The Scotch-Irish were the pioneers of the American backwoods. They were picked men and women of the most excellent sort. They were intelligent yeomanry and artisans. And the people to whom the term applied are for the most part Lowland Scotch Presbyterians, very slightly Hibernicized in blood. The policy of the Government was to interpose them as a buffer between the expanding colony and the Indian frontier. They spread rapidly and in large numbers toward the southwest along the mountain country through the Shenandoah Valley and into the Carolinas. At a later time they formed almost the entire population of West Virginia, and they were the men who chiefly built up the commonwealths of Kentucky and Tennessee. When our Civil War came these men were a great power on both sides."

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

It was from this stock my father came. His delight was in his farm, his horses and his cattle. He always owned and farmed his own land, and he was always happy when working upon the one and with the other. There was not a lazy bone in his body. Daylight never found him in bed, and through all the winter season the family always breakfasted by candlelight. He was a devout churchman, and for all the time I knew him, an Elder in the Presbyterian Church. His religion he took upon faith with never a doubt. He was honest, industrious and straightforward in all his dealings; and he enjoyed the confidence of all who knew him. He was a most useful member of his church, and in his later days—after he had retired from the active labors of the farm he gave most of his time to it, and to helping as he could those needing his services.

My mother was in every way a grand woman. Every mother is that to her son, or ought to be. It is true she died when I was but eight years old, but my aunts—her older sisters—I grew up to know well; they were of the grand type. After her death, they always spoke of my mother in the highest terms as the youngest and most capable member of the family.

I remember my mother best at her loom; a large, heavy oak affair, reaching almost to the ceiling; where she was accustomed to sit with her back to the wall upon the rude wooden bench attached to and facing the loom, weaving the woolen homespun for the fam-

***FAMILY ENVIRONMENT AND EDUCATION***

ily. She always sat facing my sisters; who with their spinning wheels against the opposite wall, were in the same room (with their backs to my mother) spinning at their wheels.

These old-fashioned hand spinning wheels were tall, light affairs, each with an oak bottom frame set up on wooden pegs for legs, each supporting a single light open wooden wheel, larger in diameter but not unlike the hind wheel of a carriage, except that the rim or tire was of wood grooved to carry a round string band connecting with and turning a spindle. The spinners would, with a quick forward or back step, as the case might be, give the wheel a quick whirl with a wooden spinning peg held in the hand, attach the filmy woolen roll to the whirling spindle and continue to trip lightly back and forth, rolling the twisted thread upon the spool held by the spindle until it was twisted to the proper size and consistency; then take another roll from the frame, give the wheel another whirl, attach the end to the open untwisted end of the former roll; and so on until the spool was filled. The spinning had to be done standing and it required light hands, quick steps and light feet to do it well. When done by a lithesome girl, or sprightly woman, it was a most picturesque and graceful performance, oftentimes as imposing almost and as stately as a minuet; especially when accompanied as it often was with quick whirling steps and sweet maiden voices at intervals breaking into song in time with the steps.

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

How I remember that large cheery work room; the big loom always going with its rhythmic beat, beat, beat; and the wheels spinning and humming—not seldom—with joyous maiden laughter and song. I have witnessed in my life many pleasant work scenes—but none quite like this.

My mother was a Kentuckian and of Scotch descent. Her maiden name was Rutherford, and her branch of the family, as I have always been told, was from Jedburg in Scotland, near the English border, in Sir Walter Scott's country, whose mother, as is well known, was herself a Rutherford.

When I visited that section a few years ago in company with the granddaughter, Dr. Rutherford—a member of the family—who happened to be the family physician where we were visiting—in response to my inquiry as to the family said—"The Rutherfords were among the largest of the Scotch Highland Clans, and during the Border Wars took from the English as many cattle as the best of them and to use his quaint Scotch dialect—"Keep't them, too."

As the granddaughter was then young and fair, and rode straight and well, they took us in at once; had us at their homes and were very kind; and when we came to leave for America, the granddaughter was given an immense blue book, stamped in large gilt letters on the cover—THE RUTHERFORDS OF THAT ELK. And upon the first blank fly leaf inside, there was inscribed, "Given to her for she





The Granddaughter was then Young and Fair



**FAMILY ENVIRONMENT AND EDUCATION**

herself is a Rutherford in right of her grandmother, Eliza Ann Rutherford; to be kept as an archive in the family. Given her on her fifteenth birthday, right in the very heart and center of this border land, whose history these Rutherfords helped so much to make. A land richer in Romance, Song and Story,—thanks to Sir Walter Scott, himself a Rutherford—than any land in all the World. Sunlaws—Scotland, Dec. 22d.”

The granddaughter and I were at this time spending the holidays and part of the hunting season at Sunlaws, a beautiful country place, fifty miles from Edinburgh, where we spent many happy, never to be forgotten days. Although I have studied the big, blue book some, I must confess I have never been quite able to satisfy myself as to which particular branch of the family—there are so many—I belong. I think though there must be a strain of the Scotch Rutherfords in my blood; for I liked in the days I was there to gallop over the border; and I to this day like cattle, and I like to keep them as my own.

I like Scotland and the Scotch, and elsewhere in this Journal, I may have more to write of both.

Among the sturdy men and women of good stock that came from the South and East to Central Illinois, in the first quarter of the Nineteenth Century, were my father and mother; and the mystic voices that are ever calling the young and the energetic from

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

the old lands to the new were irresistible to them, and with the others they came eagerly to the conquest of the Western forests and prairies; and they brought with them good moral characters and a willingness to work. No wonder that in a short time they made the virgin plains blossom as the rose, and Illinois one of the first States in the American Union.

My father was not what would be called an educated man in the language of the Schools. The rudiments, Reading, Writing, Arithmetic and Grammar, he knew well enough for all practical purposes. He always regretted that he had not what is called a liberal education; and he always said, that as he would have little else to give his children, he meant to give them an education; and he made every effort to do so. With my sisters, he succeeded well, as all of them, three in number,—after the Common and High Schools—took an Academic Course, and all taught afterwards.

As for me, alas! I, his only son, was the disappointment of his early and middle life—I could never get beyond my Sophomore year in College. Until I was eight years of age, my education proceeded well enough. I began, when I was about four years old, to attend with my sisters a Country School, kept in a little frame country school house of one room, distant not over a half mile from the modest brick and wooden farm house where we lived.

The teacher, although eccentric as I think now,

*FAMILY ENVIRONMENT AND EDUCATION*

was a man of force, in love with his work, and from the start he interested and impressed me.

In the four years I was there, I got about all the school-book education that ever really counted with me. Beginning with my letters, I there in the four years learned to read, write and spell, studying geography and practically finishing arithmetic. I there learned the multiplication table so I never forgot it, and when I quit this school, I really believe I could work any sum in Smith's or Ray's Arithmetic; as for spelling, too, I was among the best spellers in the school, although there were several practically grown up men and women there. How I remember the public Spelling Matches, we had in this country school house, the last Friday night in every month!

These Spelling Matches were great events. How eagerly I looked forward to them! Being, as I said, among the good spellers, I though a youngster was early chosen, to my great gratification I remember, and entered each match expecting to stay up to the last, but I never did.

At the end of each School Year, we had an Exhibition—Compositions and Declamations. I was always among the declaimers; and as I see it now, I was regarded by the teacher as one of his best cards. The teacher himself always appeared in at least one declamation, which he learned from the book like the rest of us.

For these exhibition occasions, my mother always dressed me in my best, of course, and made me wear

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

shoes. Dressed up, and excited as I was at these exhibitions, I felt large—if I did not look it—and in my shrill childish voice, I spouted in great shape.

I remember the teacher and I would often open the exercises with a dialogue. We had one in particular, that we used on any and all occasions; in which I would lead off with—"How big was Alexander, Pa?" etc., etc. To write of this now seems, I know, very ridiculous, but at the time, it stimulated and excited me about as much as ever did a Cavalry Charge, something I may write of later. This exciting system, and the way I was brought forward by my first teacher, would have been bad no doubt for the average boy—but, it never hurt me.

The next twelve years—from my eighth to my twentieth—were so disappointing to me, my father, and my family, that all my early egotism was I think quite taken out of me. At the end of these years, I was a wild and worthless young man; fit for nothing but to run away and join the Army; a thing I did later, thereby almost, if not quite, breaking my old father's heart. The only consolation came in later years, when my father made me a visit in the Southern home I had made for myself, and to his surprise no doubt; and to his evident gratification, found me an apparently prosperous, respected, and—if I may say it—a fairly educated and even an honored citizen. For education, after all, is not wholly of the Schools. It was the Army, and the three years I served in it as a private, that brought me to my senses.

***FAMILY ENVIRONMENT AND EDUCATION***

In 1848, my father removed from his farm to the County town, a city so-called then, of from six to eight thousand inhabitants. This, from a financial point, was a mistake; and my father, for all the time he was in business in the city, lost money and was like a fish out of water. He invested a portion of the proceeds of the farm in a pretty, comfortable, modest home, on one of the principal streets, and adjoining the Presbyterian Female Academy. Here I passed the worst twelve years of my life—not because of the surroundings—they were as moral and wholesome as could be. It was the general worthlessness and cussedness, that sometimes takes hold of a boy from no apparent cause and holds on to him, that at this time possessed and about ruined me.

After buying the home, my father bought, with the remaining proceeds of the farm, a combined book and music store. After trying this for two or three unprofitable years; he in partnership with an Englishman, who was a baker and candy-maker, put up a bakery and a confectionery establishment. This failing to pay, and not being to his taste, my father disposed of his interest to his partner, and bought another small farm close to town; and still later a large flouring mill, the only one in the city at that time.

The mill like the other mercantile ventures, proved a failure. During these years, I alternated between the high school, the store, the mill, and the farm—school books and school teachers had ceased to inter-

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

est me—whispering voices, "The Call of the Wild," were luring me to the woods, and by the streams—I would take "days off" without leave. When the taking was discovered there would be trouble for me, at school and at home.

At such times I would be taken from school for a time, and put to work. Rather menial work, I thought. I rebelled, but not openly. When sent back to school, I would do better, but only for a time. Finally, though poorly prepared, I entered the freshman class in one of the oldest Colleges in the State. At the end of the year I failed to pass my examinations, and had to take the year over. The next year, I barely passed. At the end of the Sophomore Year, fearing I would again fail, I left the College, and my school days were over. So ended, to my father's grief and disappointment, more than my own, his hopes of my education. He little thought that some day that same College would tender me its M. A. Degree.

I have long since learned that an education, after all, comes not wholly from the Schools. The smattering of Latin, Greek, French, Philosophy, the higher mathematics, etc., etc., all jumbled and crowded and forced down together, as I received it, does little to educate. The education that is valuable in practical life is one which gives a thorough grounding in the rudiments. This, with the self-culture that comes from reading the best books—is what counts. If after the Elementaries one is able to get hold of, and



*FAMILY ENVIRONMENT AND EDUCATION*

to read and re-read the best books to give the right start and form early a correct taste, he, if really hungry for an education will get one. The originals—the really good books—are few. In these days of Public Libraries and good and cheap editions none are too poor to get the best and to have and to keep them as their own. He who best knows what to do, and how to do it, is the best educated.

I could really have easily taken the College Course, as the others did, but the truth is I was full of life—boy life—and the allurements of the College Green and the College Grove were irresistible. I excelled in almost all of the college games. I was the kind of a boy that liked play, and that never got enough of it at home.

My father believed in work for boys. No bad thing for them I admit; and he always laid out enough of it for me to occupy about all of my hours out of school. I had to be up by daylight winter and summer. Morning and night before and after school, it was my work to cut the wood, milk the cow, and feed the horses that were not in regular work under some one else. For my Saturdays, and other holidays, including the three months of summer vacation, there was always the work on the farm, or the hauling upon the road with wagon and team. To tell the truth, I was always a bit lazy when it came to working with the hands only. I did not mind the work so much, if I could do it with the horses. So about all of my farm and road work

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

was with the horses and I early became a good horseman. The wheat cutting and the haying were always in the summer vacation. I was generally put to drive the horses in the harvest time. A mere boy of little use in binding, shocking wheat, or pitching hay, could do a man's work if he could drive. Hence I was early put to drive and kept at it as my father was always a great economizer of money, time and labor. To the reaper in wheat cutting, we always had to use four horses; and as a labor-saving scheme, it always fell to my lot to drive them, even when I was quite young. I liked this, and became in time quite expert with a four-in-hand.

My earliest ambition was to be a stage-driver and about my earliest recollection is of a bright red stage coach that daily passed the farm house where my childhood was spent, with four horses and a horn. How I daily, when a little fellow, watched for it! Its passing was a bright, cheery, particular event of my day then. At the first distant sound of the horn, I rushed bareheaded and barefooted, with yells and waving cap to the highroad to see it go by. I think the driver, realizing what an enthusiastic admirer he had in me, generally gave an extra toot and flourish for my benefit.

To what trivial events in childhood do we owe our tastes and predilections:

"A pebble in the streamlet cast  
Changes in its course the mighty river,  
A dew drop on the baby plant  
Dwarfs the giant oak forever."

*FAMILY ENVIRONMENT AND EDUCATION*

Since these early boyhood days, I have driven many thousands of miles in my own coach; ofttime with pleasurable, interesting, and exciting incident and scene, yet I doubt if any of them thrilled and excited me more than did this first red stage coach, with its four horses and its horn.

My second and lasting ambition was to be a lawyer. I have always thought I was really better qualified for my first ambition, "The Stage Driver," than I ever was for my second. However, to the second, although poorly equipped in the beginning, I attribute what little success I attained in later years—if success it can be called. Alas! What is Success? Who Knows?

The above sentence calls to my mind a pretty Allegory, "Success and Failure"; written by Beatrice Harraden, the authoress, as every one knows, of "Ships That Pass in the Night." This Allegory, questions, I remember, the standard by which Success in this world is commonly judged and how different it may be from the standard applied in the World beyond this. I met with this little story but once—that was when years ago on a Coaching Trip, I chanced to pick it up and read it at a hotel where we had stopped for a day or two's rest.

The proprietor told me that Beatrice Harraden was then living with some English friends of hers, only fifteen miles away, at a picturesque and pretty cottage, on a little farm that they were wanting to

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

sell. The next day, I hired a livery team and drove over to see the cottage and the farm. The proprietor of the hotel kindly gave me a note of introduction. I was asked to remain over to luncheon and I did so. Beatrice Harraden and the gentleman's wife (whose name has escaped me, but to whom Miss Harraden dedicated "Ships That Pass in the Night") chanced to be out for the day. The gentleman was quite full of Beatrice (as he called her) and her work, and he showed me the desk upon which "Ships That Pass in the Night" had been written. When I mentioned the little Allegory written by her, that I had just read, over at the hotel, and remarked that it pleased me better even than "Ships That Pass in the Night," he expressed his surprise. The next day the gentleman called upon me at my hotel and told me how pleased Beatrice was when she came home to hear I had spoken so highly of her Allegory.

I do think Beatrice Harraden's Allegory is a literary gem, and the best thing she has written. At least, it seemed so to me, from the one reading at the little Way Side Inn. I want to get it and read it again.

We all know, however, how much environment, time and place and the mood you are in when you read, has to do with our judgment of books. After a day on the road, over the horses, with a Road Coach, I am alive "to my finger tips." The stop for night at a Way Side Inn after such a day makes

*FAMILY ENVIRONMENT AND EDUCATION*

the parlor maid look the fine lady and any little booklet that has for the time pleased you a literary gem.

After leaving College, I began in a sort of perfunctory way the study of the law. I had always somehow loved the atmosphere of courts—so when I was not engaged with the law books, in the office of the lawyer who kindly took me in and promised to direct my reading, I was usually to be found in and about the court room. The sharp legal sparring of counsel; the skilled management of a case on trial; the adroit handling of a witness on the stand; and the final arguments interested me. I liked to hear the stories and jokes of the members of the Bar and their bye talk in the court room, when waiting for the court to call. I knew the big lawyers—the leading members—by sight at least, and knew just how big they were, or thought I did.

Among those leading members that always attended our District Court was the great Abraham Lincoln. At that time, however, 1850 to 1860, I do not think he was considered an all 'round great lawyer. I heard Mr. Lincoln several times in important cases. I have seen and heard in my day some great lawyers, but none that seemed to me so great as Mr. Lincoln before a jury. He was matchless, too, in his great hearted, kindly winning way of handling a witness, and I never knew him on cross-examination ask an opposing witness a question too many. He managed by his honest face and straight-

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

forwardness to get out of the witness the very best there was in him for Mr. Lincoln's client.

I and two of my college class-mates were—while we were in College—summoned as witnesses for the State, in the great murder case of the State vs. Quin Harrison, tried at Springfield, Illinois, about 1857. We were all class-mates of Quin Harrison and knew him well. We were summoned to be used by the State in rebuttal, should the defense attempt to establish a good character in the defendant. As we knew nothing of the case and were summoned only on character, we were excused from being put under the rule but compelled to remain through the trial.

Harrison had, in a private difficulty, killed his brother-in-law, one Grafton. The Harrison and Grafton families were both prominent and wealthy. Logan and Lincoln—formerly law partners—were retained for the defense, and John M. Palmer—afterwards Governor and then United States Senator—was retained for the State. It was a great trial—one noted in the annals of criminal trials in that Country. The facts of the case as I remember them were: Grafton and Harrison had fallen out about something and there was the most bitter feeling between them; Harrison was in the rear of a drug store when Grafton came in, stopped at the counter where were the counter scales and weights, picked up a weight and either threw or threatened to throw it, when Harrison drew a knife, rushed at Grafton and

*FAMILY ENVIRONMENT AND EDUCATION*

cut him literally in pieces. From the wounds Grafton died in a short time.

Peter Cartwright—a most noted divine and Circuit Rider, one of the most famous men in Illinois then—was the grandfather of Harrison and a witness at the trial. There were great lawyers on both sides and they arose to the greatness of the occasion. John M. Palmer had been formerly District Attorney—he was a great prosecutor and a great criminal lawyer. Peter Cartwright's evidence as to Grafton's deathbed confession to him:—that he and Quin had made up and that Quin ought not to be punished, for he was not to blame—caused an acquittal.

For a time I continued my law reading in a desultory sort of way. I soon discovered that from a want of adaptation to my environment, I was incapable of anything like close attention or continuous study. For one thing, I lacked the necessary means. My father never gave me pocket money or an allowance. It is true he then did not have much to give; but it never occurred to him I really required it, or that it was good for me. His idea was "it is good for a man that he wear the yoke in his youth"; but my father never, as Ruskin advised, made the reins he held "of silken thread with sweet chimes of silver bells at the bridle."

I just then needed the silken rein and the silver bells badly; I also needed encouragement, and some little pocket money, and some presentable clothes.

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

Partially for want of them, I was getting out of touch with those who had been my friends and associates. I felt, too, that I was rather in disgrace from my failure to make good in my college class work. I needed some little social life among the best people. I missed the calls we college boys were allowed to make, when properly accredited, upon our girl friends, in the Academy Parlor Friday evenings. I missed the occasional hops we young folks had, for want of proper apparel, and the little where-with-all to pay my part for the music. I missed my nice girl friends. What young man almost twenty would not? I missed the ball games, the jumping and the other athletics on the College Green.

The only credit I ever got in College was on the College campus; in the Jumping Classes. In some of these I held the record; and was very proud of it. Alas! I had so little in those days to be proud of. To make up for my lost College games, I took up Cricket—Base Ball was then unknown, at least to us. The English baker (at one time associated with my father) was a great cricketer, and belonged to a Cricket Club. He early took me to the practice games, before I entered College; and I was soon a fair cricketer. The County I lived in and the adjoining ones were largely settled by sturdy English farmers and they kept up this national game.

There were Cricket Matches held between the Clubs; I often played as a substitute. I became very fond of the game. When I was shut out of College



*FAMILY ENVIRONMENT AND EDUCATION*

life, I again took up this English game and played at every opportunity. As I became, from frequent practice, more expert, I played in the big matches. These matches would sometimes take me to one of the near-by towns or counties, where I would often remain over night.

I was getting into bad ways. I often played cards; hoping my winnings would help me out. But, alas! instead of winning, I got in debt. So, wrecked and well nigh ruined, as I then thought, I left home; leaving my debts (except the gambling ones) for my father to pay. The gambling debts, years afterwards, thanks to Fortune! I was able to pay myself; and I did pay them.

The life I was now leading distressed my father beyond measure. After I left the College, his hopes for my education seemed to vanish. While he did not openly oppose my taking up the study of the law, I could well see he had no faith in it. He evidently did not believe I was capable of that prolonged and earnest study, without which little can be accomplished. Situated and environed as I then was I felt he was right.

My father was kindness itself but quick-tempered. When fretted or angry with me, he often used words that would cut me to the quick. Without I was asked, or had good cause, I had been quite too well raised to answer on such occasions, consequently my father soon indicated in his kindly way his regret for

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

the necessity of so speaking, and our friendly relations were never disturbed.

During these last home days, however, breaking no doubt from age and hard work and from the loss of his small fortune, grieved besides that I—his only son—had so disappointed him, I observed a change. He became more quiet and taciturn. He left me more to myself. He no longer sat up for me at night and noted as before, my going out and my coming in. I naturally began to feel that my dear old father was giving me up as not after all worth while.

It is a sad thing for a boy ever to feel that the tender ties that came with his birth and bound him to his home are weakening; that he will soon be tossing upon the wild waves, bereft of that tender affection that came with his life and that should follow him to his grave; the loss for which the world has nothing to give in return.

A boy who feels this, believing all is lost for him at home, stiffens and hardens; and with his face set, takes often alone, with a sad heart, the hard road to meet in faraway lands his inexorable fate.

About this time, the Winter of 1859, I received a letter from a distant cousin, telling me his father was having built for him a mill to crush the hard, gold-bearing quartz of the Rocky Mountains; and asking me to join him; and go with him to Pike's Peak—just then the land of golden promise in the luring West. I obtained my father's reluctant consent; and the next morning, with my few clothes and forty dollars—all my father had to give me—I set out.

## CHAPTER THREE

### I LEAVE HOME

**M**Y immediate destination was Kansas City, from which point we were expected to start with the crushing mill, wagoning across the great plains over the Santa Fe Trail. The rivers were closed by ice; so I must journey by rail to a Station on the Hannibal and St. Joe Railroad, then by stage to Westport and Kansas City. I reached Kansas City without mishap, other than the loss of all my baggage. When I reached Westport, the morning after an all-night ride by stage, and came to look for my trunk, in the hind boot, I found only the handle (and a piece of one end) tied to a rope end dragging in the road. The Stage Company found my Prince Albert tailor-made coat—the first and only one I ever had up to that time and for many years after—and returned it to me. The remainder of my worldly possessions—except the little money in my pocket—were gone forever, and without redress that I could obtain.

The only other passengers in the stage were a

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

young man and his sister, whose names I have forgotten long since. They, like myself, were on their first trip to the West, where they expected to make their future home. The gentleman had been appointed United States District Attorney for Kansas. How I envied him! Alas! how different seemed his prospects from my own. I found these people most delightful traveling companions. In the two or three days and nights we journey together we became great friends. The stage never stopped, except for meals and to change horses. How their congenial and bright company cheered and made pleasant what would otherwise have been a long and dreary ride for me; and how they sympathized and tried to comfort me in my loss! I never saw nor heard of them afterwards, yet the gentle and refined sister would somehow come into my thoughts and dreams all through my hard days and nights, for a long time thereafter.

And after all why should I not have thought and dreamed of her? She was but a gentle, pretty girl that sat by me in the back seat inside the coach, day and night, her brother much of the time on the box with the driver. If she ever sat close to me, it was but for a moment, when the road was rough and sidling, and the coach jostled her to my side. Sometimes, there was a long hill to go down in the night, and the horses either could not or would not hold. Then the old coach rocked and pitched and rattled and seemed dangerous. Sometimes, too, in the sharp,

*I LEAVE HOME*

steep hills, as Mark Twain says in his "Roughing It," "every time we flew down one bank and scrambled up the other, our party inside got mixed somewhat. First we would be down in a pile at one end of the stage, nearly in a sitting posture, and in a second we would shoot to the other end and stand on our heads. It was facinating—that old Overland Stage-coaching."

Is it any wonder that miserable as I was at starting, this delightful ride and company caused me to forget my wretchedness and to wish this stage-ride might go on forever? This stage-ride was my first boyish "foray into the World of Sentiment," as Ike Marvel calls it. Was it any wonder that I wanted it to go on? But it did not. At Kansas City, which we soon reached after leaving Westport, I reluctantly parted from my new friends, never to again meet or hear from or of them.

I have had many a coaching trip since but none that so lifted me from the depths into—forgetfulness.

A disagreeable surprise awaited me at Kansas City. Imagine my discomfiture to find on my arrival, that the quartz mill had been tried, found wanting, and rejected. They had taken it down on Blue, a rocky creek a few miles from Kansas City, the day before my arrival, put it to work on the hard blue rock there, and found that instead of the mill crushing the rock, the rock crushed the mill. My cousin refused to receive and pay for it, and the Pike's Peak project was at an end. This change of programme

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

left me stranded, in what was then nothing more than a straggling river town. I had not enough of my forty dollars left to take me home, had I been disposed to go. In my extremity my cousin took me at once to his home where his mother, a first cousin of mine, whom I had never seen to remember, took care of me as though I were her own son. After Pike's Peak with its golden promises—alas! never to be realized by us—we began to talk of Texas and Old Mexico.

I had naturally quite a little of the martial spirit in me. One of my early recollections is of a military funeral, conducted with the solemnity befitting such an occasion, and all the pomp and pageantry of War. When I witnessed this I was but eight years of age. On the return of our troops from the War with Mexico an Illinois Regiment raised in my section brought back with them the remains of John J. Hardin, their Colonel, who fell gallantly leading his regiment on the field of Buena Vista. John J. Hardin had been a prominent lawyer in Central Illinois before he raised his regiment and enlisted as a soldier.

The regimental band with its shining big brass instruments led the procession, followed by a troop of cavalry. Then came the soldier's bier draped in black and festooned with flowers. Then Colonel Hardin's great horse, saddled and duly caparisoned for War. Then the big drum, followed by the Infantry Regiment with trailing arms, marching with drooping

*I LEAVE HOME*

heads and regular solemn step to the measured tap, tap, tap of the muffled drum. When the body was lowered and the grave filled, then volley after volley of musketry fired over it rang out through the cemetery groves, accompanied by loud strains of martial music, and the trampling and neighing of cavalry horses. It was an inspiring occasion. The first of its kind I had ever seen. It so impressed and excited me, that for weeks after; myself and a boy friend marched to fife and drum. I the fifer, my friend the drummer. Later we organized a boy company and paraded the streets to this martial music.

How impressionable is Youth! Here was a great Civilian Soldier, who first gained distinction at the Bar and in the Forum—then died for his Country, winning fame and glory at the cannon's mouth. His services were appreciated. Henry Van Dyke says: "The true measure of Success is appreciation." Is not this Success? Who knows? Just how much my early witnessing this military display had to do with my desire to enter the Army or Navy no one can tell.

After witnessing this funeral pageant, I read everything I could lay my hands on pertaining to the Mexican War. I followed this with a History of Texas and her War for Independence. The story of the Fall of the Alamo and the heroic deaths of Travis, Bowie, Davy Crockett and their more than three hundred hero followers thrilled me.

I was wholly of Southern blood. Is it any wonder

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

that I took the Texas fever? I talked with my cousin of Texas day and night. It seemed to me that to the poor, the young and the adventurous it was the land of the greatest possibilities. We decided if possible to go there. Meantime I remained under my cousin's hospitable roof and was treated as a member of the family. All were kind to me. Many years after, in a way I may write of later, I was able to repay this kindness. Meanwhile, we continued to talk of Mexico and Texas and of the Great Southwest.

I had a friend with General Walker in Nicaragua. His stories had kindled my ardor and inflamed my imagination. We chanced to meet about this time, too, a young friend of my cousin, who had been across the plains to California with sheep and had made a little money out of the business. My cousin prevailed upon his father to give him money for a similar sheep venture. Whereupon these two young men purchased in partnership a drove of sheep to be driven overland to Texas. They offered me twenty-five dollars per month to go with them as a herdsman; we to start as soon as the sheep contracted for should be ready. Before I received this offer, unwilling to be dependent, I had secured a position and gone to work in a packing house—a position I held until the season closed. After the packing house shut down, I was put to work in a forwarding and commission house belonging to the same firm. This firm also had a banking house in another part of the city. My hope was to get a permanent position in the



*I LEAVE HOME*

banking house. Failing in this and failing to get any remunerative or responsible position in the forwarding and commission house, or any promise of one, I accepted the offer to go to Texas as a sheep herdsman.

It has often occurred to me that had I succeeded in getting a permanent position in the banking house, I would have been thrown quite out of the line towards the gratification of all my early ambitions. How after all:

"There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough hew them as we may."

It is true in later years I became a banker and as such I had a considerable balance with the same firm when they failed as bankers in New York. This was, however, years after my first early ambitions were gratified or given up.

My failure to secure what I then wished sent me to Texas, then to me the land of Romance and Story, if not of Song.



## CHAPTER FOUR

### I GO WITH THE SHEEP

**S**PRING was sobering into Summer before we got started with the sheep. Our party consisted of the two owners, two herdsmen, and the cook. We had a wagon to haul our supplies, our tent, our bedding, our baggage, and a canvas corral, in which to pen the sheep. As we expected to be with the sheep on the road all day, we could not, like the Shepherds of Galilee, "Guard our flocks by night." This canvas corral, in which to put the sheep, was a very clever and handy device, and it answered the purpose admirably. It was a strip of cheap canvas a yard wide, with a rope about the thickness of a clothes line running through the top and bottom, with a good sharpened, hardwood stake, about five feet long every eight feet, to drive into the ground and hold it taut and upright—like the wings of a partridge net. It made a secure home for the sheep. The wolves in numbers would howl about it; but not one dared to go over it.

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

After the first night or two the sheep would go into it of their own accord, if left open (as it always was) at nightfall. We would then close the opening and the sheep were safe and they soon fully realized they were so.

Our trip to Texas lay mostly through the Indian Territory. We were about three months on the road. The herdsmen found the first half of the journey very laborious. The sheep were left solely to their care. The sheep dog we started out with was little help to us. He was a brindle cross-breed animal, called Ring, with little or no herding instincts. Some one has said that it is as difficult to handle a sheep herd without a good shepherd dog as it is to handle a ship without a rudder, and I found this the case. As I had had more or less experience with handling sheep upon the farm, and before I was eight years old went with my father to Alton, Illinois, eighty miles from where we lived and with him drove a flock of sheep to our home, the herd was put in my especial charge. My greatest trouble was in keeping other little bunches of sheep, that we met with in the open country, from rushing into our big flock. While a sheep is the gentlest of animals, when it sets its head to do anything it is almost impossible without a good dog to stop it.

Our route was entirely through an open country and we found many small bunches of sheep scattered all over the Open belonging to small ranchmen and settlers. If our larger flock came anywhere near

*I GO WITH THE SHEEP*

them, the little bunches would rush in amongst them, in spite of all we could do; a dozen men on foot or horseback could not keep them out. We lost much time in segregating these small bunches from our own flock, when they would so run into us.

Fortunately for us, we one day met some sheep drovers returning from Texas to Wisconsin. Their business had been to annually drive sheep from Wisconsin and other Western States into Texas, sell them out and return for another herd. They were two brothers who I afterwards learned to know well in Texas. Seeing our flock, they camped with us one night in the Cherokee Indian Country. They had with them two excellent sheep dogs. As they had made up their minds not to return to Texas with another herd, they proposed to sell us one or both of their dogs. For the old and experienced one, they asked \$150; for the young one—little more than a puppy—that they called Shooter, they asked \$50. The next morning we went out with the sheep and saw the dogs work. They handled the sheep to perfection, and the owners finally sold the young dog Shooter to us.

From that on we had little trouble in handling the sheep. I had always been fond of dogs, and as I was head herdsman, Shooter and I became great chums and companions, and we were inseparable from the start. I had carefully observed how the owners handled him; so Shooter worked for me almost to perfection; and by the time we reached Texas he was

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

a "Gray-dog" to rank almost with Bob the Gray-dog of Kenmuier, that Oliphant writes about in his great book, "Bob Son of Battle."

About the only incident or happening on the road that I call to mind was the little experience I had with a roaming Indian that stopped at the tent one day when I happened to be there by myself. This Indian could not speak a word of English. He was exceedingly friendly, however, and staid about the tent for an hour or so. The only time I left him was when I took a bucket and walked to the spring for water. I was only gone two or three minutes and not out of sight of the tent and the Indian more than a few seconds. When I came back, the Indian was still seated upon the camp stool where I had left him, and was perfectly friendly and smiling. After a while, and before any of our party had shown up, he put off down the road on foot as he came. A little while after he left, I thought I would look over things in the tent and see if anything was missing. I soon found my pistol was gone. I immediately got on my horse and galloped after him. I overtook him on the high-road, rode up and demanded my pistol. He quietly pulled it from under his blanket and handed it to me without a word, still pleasant and smiling, even laughing, in a good-humored way, as though all was a good joke. How a bit of humor will oftentimes relieve an embarrassing situation. I failed to see the joke, but I did not tell the Indian. I left him, and we both went on our

*I GO WITH THE SHEEP*

way rejoicing, at least, I was rejoicing, and the Indian did not seem to be at all put out over the matter.

On our route, we passed through four Indian Tribes,—the Quapaws, the Cherokees, the Chickasaws, and the Creeks. All of the tribes were friendly and civilized. I was not a little surprised to find a good deal of wealth and culture among many of the families of the half-breeds. Some of them had plantations and owned property and slaves, and it was not uncommon to find daughters in these half-breed families that were blonds, and even cultured, and that had been educated in the schools of the East.

Summer browned into Autumn by the time we crossed Red River at Colbert's Ferry and passed into Texas. Our destination was Central Texas, about 100 miles south of Red River. After we crossed Red River, feeling that Shooter,—the "Gray-dog" and myself could take care of the flock and the outfit, the owners left us, going on to Texas to find us a location for the winter. They found a beautiful valley between Mountain and Fish Creeks in the second tier of counties about one hundred miles south of Red River in Central Texas. They selected for winter quarters a location at what was known as Pecan Springs. This was a noted and beautiful spring from which flowed, at all seasons of the year, a branch emptying into Mountain Creek. It was at the head of a valley, with Mountain Creek on the right and several miles away Fish Creek on the left.

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

Just north of the spring was a magnificent open grove of oaks of fifty to one hundred acres. Our shepherd's hut, built of slabs, was located on the edge of this grove only a few steps from the spring. It was a beautiful location; and I there spent with Shooter, the "Gray-dog," six of the most reposeful and profitable months of my life.

We met the proprietors of the herd returning when we were about three miles from what is now one of the largest cities of the State—then a straggling hamlet on the banks of the Trinity river. As we had all been from three to four months in camp on the road, the young owners suggested that the sheep be left with the cook, one herdsman and Shooter, and we three young fellows go into town and take a day or two off.

We did this, leaving the sheep on the premises of Mr. Caruth, one of the largest and wealthiest farmers in the County. We had his consent to graze the sheep over his lands, and his promise to personally look after them and our men while we were having our little outing in town.

This farmer and his family were good friends of mine for more than a quarter of a century, and although the farmer has passed to the Great Unknown, members of his family are my friends now.

With a glad "Good-bye!" to the herd for a day or two, we young chaps mounted our horses and put out



*I GO WITH THE SHEEP*

for town, stopping of course at the best hotel—a bare little brick one on the corner of the Square.

This was in the Fall of 1860. The South was then beginning to be quite excited over the Secession Problem; war was in the air; and there was a lot of silly talk about Northern incendiaries coming South and inciting insurrection among the negroes. The town had been burned (much of it) a few weeks before our arrival; and this burning (though no doubt accidental) was attributed to the Northern incendiaries. We reached the hotel in the afternoon, and noticed we were objects of remark. During the evening, as the people about the hotel seemed desirous of drawing us out, we were asked how we stood on the election, and whether we were for John C. Breckenridge for president? Where we were from, etc., etc., I answered, that I was from Illinois and was not for John C. Breckenridge for president. That settled it for me with that crowd. A prominent lawyer and politician from a neighboring town, who happened to be stopping at the hotel and whom I learned to know well afterwards—then endeavored to engage me in a political discussion. As I had had a wash-up (no baths then, either public or private in that town) and may be a little of other Texas tonic, I was no way averse. So we discussed politics. I was in those days a Douglas Democrat. I had heard Lincoln and Douglas in their noted Illinois Senatorial Campaign in 1858 speak from the same platform, at Winchester, Illinois. As Winchester

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

was in the adjoining county to where I lived and was only seventeen miles from the College I attended, a party of college boys went down with a brass band and a band-wagon. I was on the wagon—drove the team in fact, as I now remember it. Our college party with the band-wagon were all Douglas Democrats.

Scott County, Illinois, of which Winchester was the county seat, was the Little Giant's stronghold, as it was from that county Stephen A. Douglas entered public life. Our band-wagon with the band in it was pulled up along side of the platform and the horses taken out. There was a piece of artillery stationed at the other side. As Mr. Douglas would close one of his especially well-rounded periods, he would pause, and the cannon would roar out; then the crowd would yell. Up would go the hats and coon-skin caps of the democracy.

Mr. Douglas went on in this strain for quite a while. At each rounded period, Boom! went the big cannon and hip! hip! hurrah! went the crowd. We boys on the band-wagon were wild with enthusiasm, of course.

By the time Mr. Lincoln, however, had finished his answering address, I had made up my mind that Mr. Lincoln was a bigger man than Mr. Douglas, our Little Giant, still I did not on that account abate any part of my democratic enthusiasm, and continued to talk Douglas democracy to the last; and our ap-

*I GO WITH THE SHEEP*

pearance, coupled with my rather free Douglas and Lincoln talk got us into trouble.

Sometime during the night, we were aroused by the Vigilance Committee, so-called. When we descended the stairs into the lobby, a party of men quietly surrounded us and demanded we go with them. They, followed by some stragglers, took us up into a large half-lighted room immediately over a bar, where we were informed by the spokesman for the committee that we were regarded as suspicious characters and believed to be Northern emissaries from the free States of the North; sent down, no doubt, to stir up insurrection among the negroes; and they proposed to deal with us then and there as such.

The spokesman then alluded to what I had said at the hotel about Douglas and Lincoln; and about myself as being from Illinois; and being opposed to John C. Breckenridge, the then candidate for president of the Southern Democrats. He demanded that we give an account of ourselves.

As we came into the hall something like a dozen men—the committee we supposed—seated themselves in a row of chairs fronting the table by which was the chairman, and upon which was a water pitcher and a glass. With the exception of some rude benches arranged against the walls, there was little else in the room. Adjoining this, the door standing open, was a kind of anteroom in which there seemed to be the various paraphernalia pertaining to

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

a lodge. We all took this in at a glance as we were ushered in.

The situation was alarming, to me at least. They had as yet, however, made no movement toward disarming us. This, we had made up our minds, at Wiggs' suggestion, not to allow if we could help it.

Wiggs was my cousin's partner, and quite a man by the way, as I found out in our long trip with the sheep. Besides the six-shooter we all carried, Wiggs always had a large heavy Bowie or hunting knife at his belt. In an instant, he could snatch this big knife, stick it in a tree at twenty paces; and before it would stop quivering plant six pistol balls around it in a circle with almost a jeweler's regularity in setting diamonds or pearls about a center stone. He was a finished horseman. Dark, straight and wirey as an Indian. He had been bred and brought up on the frontier and the Western plains. He was, barring the mean disposition and intemperate habits, a veritable Slade such as Mark Twain writes about. He was a grim man, of few words, and of perfect habits, and I learned to have the greatest respect for him. His quiet manners, nerve and coolness had settled numerous squabbles we had over the sheep, which, in spite of us, would occasionally mix with those of other drovers on the way down.

My cousin was of a totally different type. He was large, red-haired, quick-tempered. Both were men of action and to be depended upon.

As the men who called for us at the hotel ushered

*I GO WITH THE SHEEP*

us in, and took their seats—juror like—not a word was spoken by any one. Left to ourselves, we three together dropped into one of the vacant benches on the side of the room. The stragglers, attracted from curiosity, no doubt, arranged themselves upon the other benches. As I was the chief offender, and had gotten us all into this scrape by my unwise and independent talk—for which my friends had mildly censured me—I was quite uncomfortable and felt, I confess, quite weak-kneed and shaky. On our way down, we had heard of blanket-tossing, stripes upon the bare back, tar and feathers, and other more serious indignities being inflicted upon Northern men, who were not in sympathy with the Southerners. So I, for one, felt that I was in for it.

My two friends, upon being called upon, explained that they were from Missouri, a slave State, and that one of them (my cousin) was a slave-holder; that they had come to Texas to make a home, bringing with them a flock of some two to three thousand sheep, that had been left with a farmer only three miles from town; that I was a herdsman in their employ.

This story did not satisfy our captors. They evidently did not believe it. They, however, at once sent off a night-rider, post-haste, to the farmer's, only three miles distant, for confirmation of this story.

They then turned their attention to me. Their spokesman asked in no friendly tones, if I was the young man that had talked of Douglas and Lincoln

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

at the hotel, and boasted that I was not a supporter of John C. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, for president? I, of course, had to admit that I was. He then demanded that I come forward. Heavens! could I walk there? My heart seemed to stop beating. With an appealing glance at my friends, I made the attempt, dropping down on the seat against the wall by the chairman, facing the committee. As I turned to sit, or rather sink, upon the rude bench, I saw my big, red-headed cousin, with a flush on his face, get up from his seat, and followed by grim Wiggs, deliberately walk forward and sit down beside me. This move somehow transformed me. My spirits raised at once; my knees stiffened, and the shaky feeling left my legs. I no longer feared blanket-tossing or other indignities.

With all the confidence I ever felt afterwards facing danger, with a thousand men at my back, I stepped to the table at the chairman's side, emptied into his water glass the raw tonic I had left from the hotel flask, added a little water to it, swallowed it at a gulp, and facing the committee, in as quiet and modest a manner as I could command, began to tell my simple story.

I admitted, of course, all that had been charged against me as to my talk at the hotel, excepting the boasting feature; alluded to my Southern parentage, spoke of my natural predilection for the people of the South, and how I had come there hoping for a livelihood, and to make a home in Texas. By this time,

*I GO WITH THE SHEEP*

the stiff "smile" I had swallowed began to work towards my brain. This, with the sheep, and a well-remembered school-boy speech, got all mixed together in my head; and I began to make myself ridiculous, no doubt, and to orate something after the style of Norval, the Shepherd lad who "tended his father's flocks upon the Grampian Hills." I knew all this old speech by heart, as I had declaimed it in school-boy days; and I tried, with my excited and fuddled brain, to remould and fit it to my case and the occasion. How well I succeeded, I never knew. At any rate, with all of Norval's boldness, when as a plain shepherd's lad he faced the king and all his mail-clad warriors, and with, I imagine, little of his simple eloquence, I worked myself along somewhat upon these lines: "I am a freeborn man! A plain sheep herdsman! In Illinois, my father feeds his flocks! His constant care to increase his store, and keep his only son, myself, at home."

I went on in this pompous style until I had worked in about all of the old speech; and then, alas! I collapsed. As I backed off; and dropped into the seat between my friends, I saw my big cousin had his short, stiff, red hair standing like a brush; and his eyes and face blazing; looking, as it occurs to me now, for all the world like "Red Wullie," when he held the bridge for Adam M. Adam against the mob. I knew, too, from the grip and grim look Wiggs gave me, he would be glad to interrupt, upon his own account, any little pleasantries like blanket-tossing or

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

stripes for me. In fact, we three just then, with our backs to the wall would not have despaired of holding our end of the hall against the committee and the crowd.

I had none too much nerve myself, in the beginning especially; but just then we were all so wrought up, we would have welcomed a little rough handling by the committee. I fancied I could pick out on the person of the chairman the exact spot where Wiggs would first fling his Bowie, and upon the first six jurors the exact spot where he would plant his first six shots. From the confusion that would naturally ensue from Wiggs' display of marksmanship, I calculated that I, the most interested, if not the most enthusiastic of those present, might, if necessary, beat a safe retreat; or, failing in this, I knew Red Wullic, my cousin, would do his best to keep off the other six and the mob.

But again, good fortune and a bit of humor saved the situation and the day, to Wiggs' disappointment—as I could see. I had observed, before I sat down, that a gentleman came into the room and quietly seated himself upon one of the front benches, just as I concluded. In the awkward pause that followed my Norval, Grampian Hill peroration, this gentleman arose to his feet. It seems that this Colonel L. (as I will call him here), had gotten word of what was going on, and had hastened to our relief. He had met our Wiggs at the home of a relative a few days before, when Wiggs was on his prospecting trip



***I GO WITH THE SHEEP***

in advance of the sheep, and he knew all about this remarkable man, and his peerless horsemanship and marksmanship. In fact, they had had a day together shooting prairie chickens over the dogs at one Mr. Frank Wiggs', a cousin of our Wiggs.

In this shooting, our Wiggs disdaining the shotgun would shoot from his horse, dropping his chickens right and left with his six-shooter, performing the most unusual and wonderful feats.

Wiggs, prior to his sheep venture, had spent his life among the trappers, mountaineers and freighters of the Western plains and mountains. He had once been a wagon boss for Majors, the great Western Overland freighter. His business was to ward off Indian attacks. His days were spent on horseback pioneering, and protecting his train, and its precious freight. His nights in watchfulness. It was evident to me, that from the time we entered this midnight hall, Wiggs was in his element, and that he longed for some of his old-time Rocky Mountain diversion; and that nothing would please him better than a renewal here of past perils and exploits. But this was not to be.

Colonel L.—a fine type of the lawyer and the Southern gentleman—treated the whole matter in a most witty and humorous way, extolling Wiggs, who had greatly impressed him as was evident, by regaling the crowd with his marvelous feats, and with an account of his life and character. The Colonel also complimented my cousin and even alluded to me and

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

my oration in a manner from which I would have gladly excused him. He wound up by intimating, in as polite terms as he could, that the committee had made fools of themselves, and by moving that we adjourn to the bar below and take a drink all around at the chairman's expense. The motion carried unanimously; and thus a little humorous talk relieved an embarrassing situation; and we were not long in re-joining the sheep.

Three days brought us to the head of the lovely valley selected for our winter quarters. With posts cut by consent from the adjacent grove, and a load of slabs purchased from a saw mill near by, in two or three days we had a rough shelter of one room; where with Shooter for a companion, I was destined to spend the winter.

This herdsman's shack had a big dirt fireplace in one end, a dirt floor, and a narrow opening at the other, where we hung a blanket to serve as a door. A rude bunk, also of slabs, wide enough for three upon occasion, with our camp blankets spread over it, served for a bed. A ten-dollar outlay, with the labor of all hands saw us in our winter quarters. We were no sooner in than the other herdsman and the cook were discharged, and I and Shooter left to get along the best we could. The gray dog was a rare companion for me. Shooter and the law books that Colonel L. so kindly loaned me were all the company and all the equipment I needed.

Without Shooter, the winter would have been a

*I GO WITH THE SHEEP*

dreary one. As it was, I got on admirably. Shooter was a most loyal, lovable and devoted friend. He never left me day or night. He at any moment would have died for me, or I believe for any sheep or lamb in the flock. The playful lambs often worried him sorely. Sometimes when moving the sheep quietly toward the corral to be penned for the night, a bunch of lambs would stop and have a gambol or play together at some sunny bank. Shooter would try to move them on with the flock, taking hold of them with his open jaws, like he would eat them alive. It was however no use. The lambs knew Shooter as well as I did. When the play was over, or the flock getting too far away to suit them, they would go on. The gray dog's heart was kind and gentle as a woman's, yet he feared nothing under the sun.

How few of us properly appreciate animals! I have lived with them all my life, and they have been one of my chief sources of happiness. I think "the man who cannot love animals but half lives." Life without them would seem to me a "very colorless and dreary affair." "The better we understand their ways and habits, the more they excite our interest and love." Those who do not love them, I think never knew them. With but a single exception, I have never known a wild animal that would not respond to human kindness when made sensible of it.

In 1866, shortly after settling to the practice of law, in a frontier town, in Western Texas, my then

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

law partner and myself during a summer's vacation of the courts, undertook to eke out a meager practice by attempting to make salt by solar evaporation. We established our camp at some Salt Springs. Buffalo covered the prairies in countless thousands, and all manner of wild game was abundant. My partner and myself walking down a rocky canyon one day with our guns, hoping to kill a fat buffalo cow for use at the camp, chancing to look up, saw a cougar's head protruding from an overhanging rock ledge not more than ten feet above us.

My partner with a quick snap shot tumbled her to our feet. Three little cougar kittens came tumbling after, and refused to leave the body of their dead mother, clinging and crying around her in the most piteous and pathetic way. My partner had fired upon the impulse of impending danger to ourselves. For the sake of the crying cubs, what would we not have given to restore the mother! As that was impossible, we determined to care for her helpless kittens the best we could.

The little imps fought us to the last. Finally we cut some forked sticks and, pinning them to the ground, we tied their feet, and putting the three in a sack, took them to camp. We put slats over an old shoe box, made a soft bed in it for them, fed them milk and table scraps, treating them with the greatest kindness during all the weeks of our stay, but to no purpose. They remained snarling, biting, scratching-

*I GO WITH THE SHEEP*

little demons to the last; never responding in the least to kindness shown.

My partner had a blacksmith make a strong iron cage; and the cubs were kept at his farm until they were fully grown. They would pull through the open gratings of their cage chickens, pigs, cats, dogs, and in fact everything that chanced to come within the reach of their merciless claws. By the time they had about bankrupted my partner, from having to provide them daily with large quantities of fresh meat, he sold them to a traveling menagerie. They proved totally irresponsive to kindness; and were incorrigible. I wonder if their natural dispositions were soured and their native savagery increased by infant recollections of their poor mother's tragic taking off? And if they connected us with it?

Upon another occasion, Colonel Hood, my law partner, did get a fat buffalo cow. The incident, while it came near being tragic, ended well and was all so ludicrous and funny that I will tell it here. The Colonel, his brotherin-law (whose name after all the long years has escaped me), and myself, had ridden out after big game for the camp. Going around the point of a hill we came upon a small bunch of buffalo. The Colonel (who was a tall, wiry, lank and long frontiersman, and a good lawyer and horseman as well) singled out and galloped after a fat young buffalo cow. As his horse brought him alongside, he fired both barrels of his gun loaded with buckshot just back of the cow's shoulder, and she dropped apparently

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

dead, with her nose in the grass, and all of her four feet gathered under her. The Colonel dismounted as we galloped up, threw his bridle reins to us, drew his six-shooter, and with his empty gun in his left and the pistol in his right hand, advanced upon the prostrate cow. The Colonel, from the position of the cow, like ourselves, was a little suspicious; consequently, with each advancing step, he fired a bullet from his pistol into the cow's head; and into the cow, and in the empty air: He fired something like this—"O, yes! bang! O, yes! bang! O, yes! bang! O, yes! bang! O, yes! bang! O, yes! bang! O, yes! Damn you! bang! With the last shot from the pistol, and the last double-twisted utterance, the cow's tail took a quick upward twist, and she, with blazing eyes and nostrils, and a terrific roar, was on her feet in a mad rush for the Colonel. The Colonel turned, and hatless and gunless, with waving arms, terrific leaps, high jumps, side jumps, and plunges, and an agonized yell, made for us, calling for us to shoot. This we could not do, even had there been time, owing to the Colonel's mid-air gyrations right between us and the mad and dying animal.

When all had about been given up for lost, the cow dropped stone dead; and the Colonel, exhausted and pale as death, tumbled beside her. When we found the Colonel was not touched, we could hold in no longer. We in turn rolled upon the ground, shouting with uncontrollable yells, and laughter. A madder man than the old Colonel, it would be im-

*I GO WITH THE SHEEP*

possible to find. We rolled and yelled until the Colonel staggered up and began to reload, declaring he would kill us. We, however, put him on his horse and took him to camp, where he took his pallet, and kept it most of the time for a week. We then returned and brought in the choice parts of the butchered cow, and the hide. The brother-in-law, a great mimic and born actor, regaled the camp for weeks after, furnishing great fun at the Colonel's expense. He explained his zig-zag running by saying that someone had once told him that was the way to run from a gun—to run crooked like an old-fashioned worm (rail) fence, and this thought came into his head as he began his retreat.

It was days, however, before the brother-in-law dared to tell and react it all, for the Colonel was always dignified, and even irascible on occasion, especially if he felt his dignity was being infringed upon.

As the cow was young, large and fat, the hide was dark, long-haired, glossy and unusually fine. The darkies staked it out to dry with care, and we had it beautifully dressed. To say the Colonel highly prized it, is putting it mildly. He kept it to the last. The dear, old Colonel was twenty years my senior. He, like myself, was something of a pagan, and has long since passed to the happy hunting grounds. The beautiful buffalo skin may have been buried with him. I don't know. If it was, and I ever join him there, he will I know divide with me the soft side of it.

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

Negroes were employed at our salt works, and their Sunday amusement was to hunt with bulldogs—of which we kept several about the camp—weak buffaloes; killing them with knives for their hides. The dogs were so trained, they would seize the huge animals by the nose and hold them while the killing was done by a negro with a common butcher knife.

These buffaloes were old bulls that had been driven from the herd, and came near the camp where the grass was more abundant than it was farther out on the plains where the vast herds then grazed. Upon these plains in those days (1866) buffaloes roamed in countless numbers. Every creek and waterhole had its large camps maintained by Eastern companies, where hunters were hired, at ordinary work-a-day wages, to kill and skin them.

A concealed hunter, with the wind in his favor, with the large bore, long-range rifle used for the purpose, would often drop a dozen or more in their tracks from one position, before the balance of the herd would take alarm. For several years, this traffic in hides was immense. The meat was left to waste and rot upon the prairies. Our negroes would receive at any of these camps a dollar for each hide delivered there. So they would stretch and stake them upon the ground to dry; and get quite a little money out of their Sunday sport.

Except for an occasional fat cow for beef to supply the needs of the camp, neither my partner or myself ever hunted the buffalo. I never cared to shoot



*I GO WITH THE SHEEP*

large game. You no sooner kill than you are in the butchering business. Shooting buffalo, even from horseback, is very tame sport. Any smart cow pony trained to work cattle can easily carry its rider alongside of the wildest and swiftest buffalo. To draw a six-shooter as you gallop alongside and plant a ball or two back of the foreleg is an easy matter. If one, or even two balls, does not suffice, all you have to do is to stay with the horse, and keep shooting. The smart cow pony will keep you alongside, and take care of you, too, if you will only stay in the saddle. But for the name of the thing, one had just as well ride among, and shoot down cattle upon the western ranges. There is little difference, so far as sport goes.

The winter of 1860 and 1861 was a mild one. The sheep were very little trouble; and I had plenty of time for law reading. In April, Fort Sumter was fired upon, and my cousin and myself desiring to visit home, before we should leave it perhaps forever, started north on horseback, leaving Wiggs and Shooter with the sheep.

The trip was without incident or adventure, except that in passing through the lead mines in Southwest Missouri, some curious miners proposed to halt and strip us to see if we had not stripes upon our backs—a proposition they were not disposed to seriously insist upon when they found it likely to be resisted. We had heard enough of that sort of thing

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

down in Texas; besides we were quite too well mounted and armed to be stopped and stripped upon an open wooded highway, in broad daylight in Old Missouri, by a gang of ruffian lead miners.

To the demand to halt and dismount, my bull-necked cousin settled deep into his saddle, and drawing his pistol with a "smile that was child-like and bland," he put spurs to his mettlesome gray mare, and tried his best to ride over them. As I, myself, was on a good horse, that it had taken about all of my eight months' past wages to buy, I was not slow in following him. A few days further journeying brought us to Kansas City. There I, with my horse, took a steamboat to a point on the Illinois River, completing the journey on horseback to my old home in Central Illinois.

My home-coming was a disappointment. War was in the air. To fife and drum, drilling, marching squadrons tramped the streets. Bugles sounded and cavalry camped, mustered, formed and wheeled in the fields, and open places about the town. Artillery was parked upon the public square, the men being drilled to the "manual of the piece." The call was to arms! The young men were expected to go, and to enlist at once. To halt, stammer, and hesitate was to discredit oneself.

I had been the fifer, and Captain of the Juvenile Marching Squad; I had also been the Foreman of the Boys' Fire Company that had the Hand Piano

*I GO WITH THE SHEEP*

Engine, and light hose cart that always prided itself at being first at a fire. After a year and a half's absence, I had just returned from Texas, riding overland both ways, and returning alone through the country upon my horse. It was up to me to do something.

After seriously considering the situation, keeping my own counsel, I declined one evening to stand for election as lieutenant in the local cavalry company; sold my horse the next morning, and put out for the Southern army, to the surprise, censure and disgust of my friends.



## CHAPTER FIVE

### TO THE SOUTHERN ARMY

**M**Y journey from within the Federal lines to the Southern army, while interesting to me, was accompanied with some rather disagreeable features. I this time was able to go all rail from my old home to Kansas City. I had, before starting, received a letter from the cousin who came North with me, expressing his determination to go South and cast his lot with the Southern people. He felt as I did, that the Southern Cause was just, that our home was to be there, and that the ties of ancestry, blood and kinship should count for something.

I well knew the weight and seriousness of the questions at issue. I had heard them fully discussed by two able and rival candidates for the Presidency: Mr. Douglas and Mr. Lincoln. I had myself heard one of them—Mr. Lincoln—more than once say that, "This Government could not exist half slave and half free." Mr. Lincoln was now President, elected wholly by a sectional vote. The man next to him in

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

the Government, his Secretary of State, had said, "The conflict was irrepressible." No one up to that time had suggested or advocated any plan by which the conflict could be amicably settled by freeing the slaves at the general expense, the cost falling fairly and equally upon all. I, of course, little thought then that this conflict would end only after four years of bloody war, with a loss of over half a million lives, and of many hundred millions of dollars. However, had I known, it would have made little difference with me. I, after months of deliberation, had made up my mind where I rightfully belonged, and I had set out to go there.

I found Kansas City in the throes of disunion and in possession of an armed Federal force on the lookout for sympathizers—traitors as they already called them—going South. My cousin was already under suspicion and was not prepared to start immediately. I at once left the city for his farm near Pleasant Hill, Missouri, some thirty miles east, to wait for him. It was understood if he did not join me there within a week, I was to take the best horse on the place and go on without him. General Sterling Price, commanding the Missouri Southern troops, was supposed to be somewhere on the Osage River, one hundred miles or so to the south. After waiting a week, learning my cousin was being detained by the authorities in Kansas City, I took what looked to me the best mount on the farm and started out alone, going straight south, down the Missouri and Kansas line.

*TO THE SOUTHERN ARMY*

Partly from the late border troubles between Kansas and Missouri and partly from Guerilla bands, and recent conflicts between small commands of Northern and Southern forces, I found the entire country on my first days' journeyings a burned, barren, and desolated waste. Charred and blackened timbers, scorched and stately shade trees, marked the site of many a ruined home. Although a rich and formerly well settled country, I did not see a single inhabited house in my first day's ride.

Before I got far, I found the race-like young mare I rode was coming quite up to her first appearance and to her recommendations from the farm. So, notwithstanding my dreary surroundings, I was proceeding quite cheerily. The mare stepped along with her head up in that fast, springy walk, always so easy to a horse and rider. She was evidently intelligent, fast and fearless. With her, somehow, I did not mind the solitude. I never feel quite so free, so independent, so self-sufficient, as I do when I am on a good, fleet horse in an open country. I had an excellent Spanish saddle, a light, strong lariat, a canteen, a tin cup, matches, pipe and smoking tobacco, a pair of good, heavy blankets under the saddle, two or three days' rations of bacon and biscuit in my haversack, and withal, the good six-shooter I brought from Texas. The hour I stopped at noonday to rest and to eat a biscuit, gave me opportunity to get further acquainted with my mare. I unsaddled and staked her on the grass, fired my pistol several times close

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

to her; rubbed her down, petted and talked to her. She grazed the full hour, losing no time, never fouling the rope, never more than looking up, when the pistol fired. From her demeanor, I was sure, though young, that I had in her a campaigner.

All I lacked to render my equipment fairly complete was proper headgear. I had swapped the high tile I left the city with for a long-billed fireman's hat, that I wore bill foremost. This with my black city suit, trousers tucked in boots neatly brushed, and with starched shirt and cuffs (all I had) gave me, while all was new and shiny, a novel, jaunty air. So, an hour or two by sun, as, pleased with my outfit, I gayly jogged along, glancing back over my right shoulder, I saw a troop of about twenty horsemen coming my way in a transverse direction at a fast gallop. I and the mare were both all alive in an instant. The troop of horse was more than a half mile away and I knew at a glance, as there was no black cloud around them, they were not Federal troops (the only thing just then I feared to meet). So, more to try the mare than anything else, I spurred up and let her go for several hundred yards, to measure speed with my transverse followers. When I saw I could easily run away from them, and that they were tacking to cross my line, I made no effort to increase my speed, but kept up a stiff pace trying to make them out, and thinking what to do. As they came closer, the leader waved for me to slack up. By way of response, I did so, keeping



***TO THE SOUTHERN ARMY***

my eye on them, being pretty well convinced they were a strolling band of "Jayhawkers."

They soon struck the road I was traveling and turned into it, the leader, without checking his horse, calling to me to come alongside and report. I pulled up beside him and in reply to his rough query as to who I was, answered, "A scout." Nothing more was said for some little time, the mare keeping her easy pace with his horse, the leader and the few men that were up with him all the time carefully looking me over. My black leather, varnished fireman's hat, black clothes, white shirt and shiny blacked boots, spurs, mare and unusual outfit left them all at sea. Later came the question, "What are you scouting for?" "For the Southern Army." Then, "To what command do you belong?" "To no command." After galloping a bit further, the leader, a villainous, brutal looking chap, blurted out, "By God! Stranger, we are an independent Southern Guerilla band, going to capture a damned Yankee Government train just ahead of us in the road. Come go along." At this, before I made reply, we topped a ridge, and there in the road before us, not two hundred yards away, were about a dozen two-horse, open farm wagons, a driver to each. With a yell and a shot or two, and waving pistols, the band rushed for them, almost stampeding the entire train; the heavy farm horses wheeling and upsetting in their fright one or more of the wagons, throwing out sacks and scattering

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

flour from the bursted ones over the road, and into the prairie.

Our band finding the poor farmers unarmed, without the power or disposition to resist, made quick work of them, taking everything they had that was portable, even to their pocket knives, and their lunch buckets, when there was anything in them. My protest that this was no Government train was received with general condemnation and cuss words, and the assurance if I did not shut up, I would receive similar treatment, and be left there afoot on the prairie. One of the riders took a sack of the flour before him on his horse, and the whole party galloped off across the prairie to some woods in sight, taking me with them. By the time we reached the woods, through which a creek ran, it was dark, and the robbers camped there for the night. The camp was two or three miles away from any road, in a wooded creek bottom. Around the campfire, as they, on pointed sticks, cooked the dough each mixed for himself by pouring water into the open sack and rolling the dough around the stick and holding it to the flames, a weak attempt was made to justify the robbing on the ground that it was Government flour being hauled to Fort Scott, consequently everything in the train was contraband of war. I took little part in the discussion, and less in the cooking and eating.

How I reproached myself for not galloping away and leaving the Jayhawkers at first sight. Or, barring that, if, when the robbing began, I had sent a

*TO THE SOUTHERN ARMY*

shot or two into the bunch, and made a run for it, how much better I would have felt. Had a squad of Federal cavalry galloped up on us as we were engaged in our depredations, something quite likely to have happened, those that had not been shot down on the spot would have gone to the penitentiary for life, and my boyhood's martial dream "to be a soldier and gain a name in arms," would have come to an inglorious, if not a felonious, end. How I thought of this that night as I lay awake in the robber camp, and how often has the thought come to me since.

The night was a sleepless one for me. Daylight found me ten miles away, grazing my good mare upon the prairie, taking a biscuit, a bit of bacon, and a cup of coffee by a little fire I built out of a bunch of grass, and a few dry twigs. How good it was after bad company, my ride and a long fast. I had taken off the bridle and loosened the girths, not unsaddling, keeping half an eye behind me. I had no notion of being again come up with by anyone of the party I had left—not that I was uneasy except upon the mare's account. Too many of the men had wanted to trade for her; had looked her over quite too closely to please me, the leader amongst others. Getting away was no difficult matter. No guards were out. Two or three hours before day, when the fires were low and the camp asleep, I quietly saddled the mare, mounted and walked her away. Never again during the whole war when I was alone did a party of men

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

ride up to me, or I to them, until I knew who, or what, they were.

After breakfast, I jogged along, from every ridge top scanning the surrounding country for signs of life. I made a halt at noon to rest and graze the mare, this time unsaddling. After a bit of lunch and a cat-nap taken with the lariat in my hand, knowing the mare would give notice if anyone approached, I saddled up and journeyed on, hoping to meet some one who could give me directions as to General Sterling Price's army. The country I was riding through was a deserted border between Kansas and Missouri, and, for the time, a kind of no-man's land. For that reason it suited me well just then to journey in it. Farther east was General Sigel's command, following Price's army; General Price retiring before him, accompanied and encumbered by hundreds of Missouri Southern families, with their all, fleeing into Arkansas and Texas under the protection of General Price's army. General Price was too much encumbered, and had too much at stake to stop and give battle until the convoyed were in friendly territory, and he was joined by the Arkansas and Texas troops then on their way to meet him.

General Price was then the father of the entire Southern element in Missouri; and was beloved as such; every one, soldiers included, even that early calling him "Old Pap." His encampment, as I soon found, was at night more like a big camp-meeting than the camp of any army corps. A thousand fires

*TO THE SOUTHERN ARMY*

blazed. Covered moving wagons, carriages, buggies, women, children, cows, dogs and negro servants were about these camp fires, cooking, eating, sleeping. On all of our retreat, after I joined General Price, the roads were so blocked with these moving emigrants and their retinues that it took us three or four hours every evening and every morning to get in and out of camp, nearly one-half of our marching hours being consumed in waiting at the roadside. The rail fences made a continuous string of fires to keep the half-clad men from chilling to death in the rain, snow and cold of a most bitter winter.

To get into a more inhabited country and to learn, if possible, something of the Southern Army's whereabouts, after lunch I veered more eastward, bearing off from the deserted border. About four or five o'clock in the afternoon, I overtook a good, honest Missouri farmer driving about a half dozen beef cattle to Price's army to save them from marauders, or the Federals, and to convert them into Confederate scrip, which he (in his patriotic heart) thought as good as gold. I was so rejoiced to be once more among honest cattle, and in good, wholesome company, that I was glad to fall in and help him drive his beeves. His name, after all these years I well remember, was Maddox, and he was a good, straight, whole-souled Missourian. We were together for four or five days, at the end of which time we overtook Price's army, some hundred miles south of the Osage River. After falling in with this good company I

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

fared well. Mr. Maddox was alone, with little more equipment than I had. He had two or three blankets under his saddle and a sack of provisions tied behind it. The weather chanced to be fine, so we camped together on the prairie, staked out our saddle horses, and did well enough. When he turned over his cattle, and got from the quartermaster his worthless scrip, we parted with mutual reluctance; he to return to his home in a desolated land, and I to see if I could find one single friend in all that vast army, for vast it then seemed to me.

There was but one man in this whole army, so far as I knew, that I had ever seen or heard of. So, after saying farewell to my good friend of a short week's acquaintance, I set out on my mare to hunt him up. My cousin had told me that John Murray, who had clerked in the same store with him in Kansas City, had gone with Colonel Rosser's Missouri regiment (raised in and about Kansas City and Westport) as sergeant-major. I knew Murray, and he well knew who I was. Inquiring for Colonel Rosser, then commanding a brigade, I soon found his command, and Murray. I stayed with John Murray that night, explained to him my situation, told him I wanted to attach myself temporarily to Price's army—until we met the Texas troops, then take a transfer to the First Texas Artillery, which my former friend who lived close to our sheep ranch had written me, had been raised in Dallas county, Texas. I preferred the

*TO THE SOUTHERN ARMY*

artillery because I knew a little of artillery drill. Murray arranged all nicely for me.

Early the next morning, he rode over with me to Captain Lucas, who commanded a Missouri light battery of four brass, smooth-bore six-pounders. He introduced me to the captain, who was a friend of Murray, told him who I was, my wishes, and so forth. The captain took me in, allowed me to keep and ride my mare, put me in a mess, and promptly assigned me to a post of duty at one of the guns.

With this battery, I saw quite a little service before our reinforcements from the South joined us at Elkhorn—Pea Ridge as it was called by the Federals. With sometime an infantry and sometime a cavalry support, Lucas' light battery was almost daily engaged in aiding to check and delay the enemy's advance. General Price's withdrawal from Missouri to unite his forces with the other trans-Mississippi troops then in the field, encumbered as he was, was necessarily slow. We were almost the entire winter going little more than two hundred miles. When the Federal advance was too insistent, a light battery or two, well posted on wooded hills, with an apparently strong supporting force drawn up in line of battle—the guns opening with a lively bombardment, when any considerable force pressed too close—would check the enemy's advance sometimes for days. During all of this time, I saw a good deal of artillery service, without being in anything like a general engagement. So, by the time we met our Southern al-

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

lies at Cross Hollows in Arkansas, I felt quite like a veteran. Cross Hollows was in the immediate vicinity of Elkhorn, or Pea Ridge. Here was fought the first big battle west of the Mississippi, within less than a week after the Southern forces came together. Here I obtained a transfer to the First Texas Artillery without so much as first going to see them—General Slack commanding the division to which Lucas' battery was attached giving me the order. As soon as I obtained it, I started on the mare to find (Good's Battery) the First Texas Artillery, not a man of which, so far as I knew, had I ever seen or heard of. However, they were from Dallas county, Texas, where I had read law and wintered with the sheep; and as the mare clipped it at her running walk through the woods, I felt that I was going home.

General Ben McCulloch was in command of the Texans, and I rode eight miles before I reached his camp. When I rode up to his tent, the General was seated at the door of it, with a black velvet suit on. When his orderly handed him my transfer, he read it, rose from his chair, put on his broad-brimmed military hat (in color matching his suit), one side looped up with a gilded star, and stepping forward, he quietly directed me to the battery. General McCulloch impressed me as no army man ever had. His strong face, tall figure, looped black hat, gleaming star, black velvet suit, high cavalry boots, polished to the very tops above his knees, and his gilded spurs,



*TO THE SOUTHERN ARMY*

matching his star in brilliancy, gave him a knightly and picturesque appearance that I can never forget.

After leaving General McCulloch's tent I soon found the battery. As I rode up, I looked anything but presentable. I still had the fireman's hat, my boots had long before been stolen from under my head as I slept, and my black suit was dirty, ragged and torn. When the captain had read my transfer, and looked me over, I saw it was a question whether I would be taken in, even after he had heard my story. He, however, said he was a bit particular as to who should join his battery, but that I could get down and turn in with the boys and he would take me for a few days on probation. Before the few days were out a team brought ammunition for the guns, something they had never had before—and the next morning an order came to "Send one gun immediately to the front, the whole battery to follow later." There was excitement in the company. They had been well trained in battalion drill, with the horses hitched to the guns, with empty gun limbers, and empty caissons. The several detachments knew well, too, the manual of the piece. They could at the command: "Walk," "trot," "gallop," "wheel," (go) "into battery," "unlimber," "limber up," "limber to the front," and "limber to the rear," and do it all right enough; and when unlimbered, they could at the commands "load," "ready," "aim," "fire," do that too all right, or pretend to. But there was in fact not a man in the battery that had ever seen a gun

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

in action, or that had ever loaded and fired or helped to load and fire one. As the gun had to go immediately, as boots and saddles had already sounded, I suppose I came into the captain's mind and he at once sent for me. After a word or two, he told me to consider myself an enlisted man, and for the time being, chief of piece number three, and for me to go with the lieutenant and the detachment to the front.

## CHAPTER SIX

### IN THE ARMY

I was now regularly in the Confederate Army, and in obedience to the captain's order, I mounted my horse and with the lieutenant galloped away, passing the Elk Horn Tavern in a run, halting three or four hundred yards in front of it. It was there I saw General Ben McCulloch for the second time. He here rode up, saying to the lieutenant that a shot from our gun quickly repeated at regular intervals was intended as the signal for the attack for both General Price and his own forces, and that we were already late. At this he rode up to our gun and directed we should plant it on the dividing line between a large open prairie on our left and the stretch of woods upon our right. The General then pointed out the two or three points of timber jutting out into the prairie at which he wished us to first direct our fire, instructing us to throw two or three round shot or shells into each, explaining that he had reason to think they concealed masked batteries.

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

We at once opened fire as directed. After a shot or two from our gun, several thousand Indians, under General Albert Pike, from the Indian Territory, rushed past us in the open prairie to our left in a helter-skelter charge, every Indian for himself, whooping and yelling at the top of his voice, going fast to the front at top speed, not an enemy in sight. Soon, Federal battery after battery opened from the several points of timber at which I had been directing our fire from a single gun. As soon as they could check up and turn, back came every one of General Pike's five thousand Indians, faster than they advanced, in a wild stampede to the rear.

We had plenty of time to look over this prairie field after all of our ammunition was exhausted. I saw several dead horses, but if there was a single dead or wounded Indian left upon the field I failed to see him. As the Indians would rush by us in their wild stampede, they would holler: "Ump! White man shoot wagon!" Meantime all of the enemy's guns concentrated their fire upon our battery, the other five of our guns having by this time joined us and opened up.

From this artillery fire we suffered severely. My own gun losing ten of its twelve horses and four of its seven men, and having its caisson blown up. As the Federal batteries continued their fire from their original positions, making no effort to advance, if we had an infantry or cavalry support, I never saw it. So, as we got no order from any source, after

*IN THE ARMY*

firing away our last round of ammunition, our battery camped for the night in the woods close to the Elk Horn Tavern. The next day, being wholly without ammunition for our guns, we proceeded to make our way through the mountains, where, after four or five days, wholly without rations, we came out near Fayetteville, Arkansas; the men subsisting wholly upon the little shelled corn we chanced to have left in the feed bags intended for the horses.

We kept in the mountains with our guns and empty caissons, slowly making our way without roads, fearing if we sought the roads we might meet some armed force of the enemy and with no support lose our guns and as we felt our honor with them, having in mind the Ancient Matron's injunction to her son, to return from the battle with his shield or upon it.

I know nothing of the Battle of Elkhorn (Pea Ridge, as the Federals called it), except what passed under my own personal observation. How little that would be, every subaltern and private knows who has been in a battle. To them, everybody and every command they meet seems lost or on the hunt of the lost. General McCulloch commanded our left, having under him the Arkansas and Texas regiments, each regiment under the command of its colonel, and all gallant troops, as was proven upon that and many a battlefield afterwards. General Albert Pike, formerly of Arkansas and an eminent and distinguished American, already bearing high Masonic, educational

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

and other civic honors, had raised and in this battle commanded the Indian Territory forces, consisting (as I was told) of some five thousand cavalry.

I infer from General McCulloch's own words that the plan of the battle was for him to open it in force on the left, with the single signal gun firing a few shots one after the other in quick succession. This to be followed, no doubt, by a general advance and attack of our forces both on the right and the left. When we opened with our gun, General McCulloch turned and rode away into the woods towards our right, and so far as I know he was never seen or heard of alive by any of his troops afterwards.

Soon after our gun opened; and before the batteries in our front replied, there was heavy firing in the woods to our right, and it grew heavier and heavier till nightfall. After General Pike's misadventure with his Indian cavalry, there was no advance upon our front. Every colonel, evidently waiting for the orders to advance that never came. Then the colonels, like old hounds that hear the music of the opening pack in the woods, followed by their men in marching column, moved to our right, where the heavy firing was heard.

After we began firing, staff officers and courier after courier would gallop up and inquire of the lieutenant, who sat his horse by my gun, for General McCulloch. All received the same answer and galloped off. Finally, after my gun had fired the fifty rounds in its limber, a thing it was no great while in doing,

*IN THE ARMY*

its other one hundred and fifty rounds in the caisson being exploded by the enemy's shell—as myself and the two men left alive and the lieutenant stood by the smoking and cooling gun, along came Colonel T. J. Churchill, commanding an Arkansas regiment, and at the same time up rode General Albert Pike, both in full Confederate uniform,—not common that early with us,—and both looking splendidly to me. The General rode a large fine horse and he was himself tall, stately and distinguished looking.

It was, however, the little Arkansas Colonel, erect upon his rather undersized thoroughbred that filled my eye, and that I could have hugged, yelled and screamed over, after I heard what he said to General Pike. I give their words as near as I can after fifty years remember them. As the Colonel rode up he said:

“General Pike, Where is General McCulloch?”

“I think, Colonel, he must be dead upon the field; he cannot be found or heard from; and fearing the day is lost, I have ordered our troops to retire.”

“To retire? General Price seems to be holding his own upon the right, so I shall take my regiment and go to him.”

At this the gallant Arkansas Colonel galloped to the head of his regiment and looking the veritable Pan Michel that Henry Sienkiewicz writes about, and every inch a soldier, he with them in column disappeared in the woods to our right.

It was to this, General Churchill, then second in

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

command of the Trans-Mississippi Department, I was glad to take a letter of introduction at the surrender of General Joseph E. Johnston's army three years later.

From Fayetteville, Arkansas, we moved on to Des Arc on White River. There our battery with all its belongings took a steamboat down White River and up the Mississippi, landing at Memphis. There I had the misfortune to lose my mare. The river gnats in the bottom at Memphis, covering her in such swarms, and penetrating and settling in her nostrils, so that she in a day or two died of fever.

Our next battle was at Richmond, Kentucky, where I again, as it happened, under General E. Kirby Smith's eye, and under his personal direction, had the honor of firing the first big gun, again the signal for the general attack. That came about in this way: Our captain—the first lieutenant when I joined the battery, and a warm personal friend of mine by this time—commanding the entire artillery battalion of General E. Kirby Smith's corps, was asked to send a gun forward, that could throw a shell into a big barn in plain sight upon a hill about one thousand yards away,—supposed to be General Nelson's (who commanded the Federal army) headquarters. Realizing what was expected, I took a spirit-level, and with a spade sunk one of the wheels until the gun carriage was perfectly level. I then selected and put in the shell a fuse cut to explode at one thousand yards, had



*IN THE ARMY*

it placed in the gun, elevated it for the distance, sighted it; and gave the command to fire, and at the discharge I had the good fortune to be able to watch the shell in its flight and see it strike the roof and explode inside, raising a cloud of dust and smoke and causing a general exit from the building. What the effect of the explosion was I never inquired, not wanting to know.

At Richmond, our battery again suffered severely. Here our first lieutenant, a most gallant young officer, as he sat his horse between the two guns of my section, which he commanded, lost both of his legs high above the knees, from a cannonball that instantly killed both him and his horse. At this Battle of Richmond, Kentucky, the Confederates gained the most complete little victory of the war, driving the Federals across the Ohio River and killing General Nelson, the commanding officer, and capturing some four or five thousand prisoners. General E. Kirby Smith, with his victorious division, followed the demoralized and vanquished Union army to the Ohio; there, under pre-emptory orders from his ranking officer, General Braxton Bragg, he began a retreat, just why we never could understand, as we had been everywhere victorious.

The next battle in which our battery took part was that of Murfreesboro. This was one of the big battles of the war, though not a very decisive one. Our loss was estimated at about eleven thousand men, the Federal loss about fourteen thousand. It was a hard

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

fought battle, lasting three days in mid-winter. The first day our troops on the left, with which was our battery, swept everything before them. General Rosecrans, however (who, by this time had succeeded Buell), one of the craftiest generals of the Union army, rallied his troops and held his own upon the second and third days, making it a drawn battle. Bragg retiring slowly, Rosecrans holding the battleground, but too badly crippled to pursue. On the field of Murfreesboro I witnessed the real horrors of war. At the end of the first day our victorious troops rested for the night upon their arms in the woods just where darkness overtook them. Our advance had been so rapid the entire day and the Federal retreat so hurried, that the dead and wounded upon their right wing had been left on the field where they fell. The night was bitter cold, and the cries of the wounded and dying were heard all around us during the entire night. So great were their numbers the infirmiry corps with their moving lights being wholly inadequate to administer the much needed aid to one-fourth of them. As we rode at daylight up the road to water our artillery horses before putting them to our guns, long lines of dead Federals lined each side of the road. They lay upon their backs, touching each other, being carried there in the night for removal and burial by the wagons. It was a most ghastly sight.

After Murfreesboro, Bragg fell back south and our battery was in camp for more than six months in

*IN THE ARMY*

and about Shelbyville, Tennessee. There we had a long six months' rest.

After this, came the big Battle of Chickamauga, where we lost about seventeen thousand men, the Union army a few more than that. These desperate battles and our large losses were sadly depleting our forces. We were gaining no recruits, while the Union losses were being more than made good; Hooker coming from the Potomac, and Grant's and Sherman's forces from the West after the fall of Vicksburg. Five of the great Union generals of the war were now confronting Bragg's army: Grant, Thomas, Sherman, Hooker and Burnside. Bragg had lost over twenty-seven thousand men in his last two battles. Although our depleted army was now strongly fortified on Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, the result was inevitable. An overwhelming force assaulted and carried our works. Our battery was stationed on Missionary Ridge. Here I received a slight wound, the first and only one during the entire war. It was, however, not serious enough to cause me to leave my post at the gun. Our battery was stationed on the right. Our works had not been carried or very heavily assailed, so when we received the order to retire our guns, we could hardly understand it. From Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, General Bragg continued to fall back through Georgia until he was succeeded by General Joseph E. Johnston.

We were now in the third year of the war, Sher-

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

man slowly following and paralleling Joseph E. Johnston, each building breastworks as they moved in close proximity to each other, after the siege and fall of Atlanta. A rattling, straggling fire was kept up night and day, with an occasional futile sally by Sherman, he never daring to attempt a general attack. We were night and day in the trenches close up to our breastworks, consequently, although the straggling firing for weeks never ceased, our loss was comparatively nothing. More than that, we were very little disturbed. General Johnston's system was so complete and perfect, we never missed a meal, or our artillery horses a feed.

I had now been with the artillery for almost three years, never in all that time missing roll-call, camp-guard, or any battle in which my command took part. I had never so much as asked for leave of absence or a furlough, nor had I ever been away from the command for a single day. At the Battle of Elkhorn I had been temporarily put in command of one of the guns, and although I was not even a non-commissioned officer, this gun was never taken from me.

When General Joseph E. Johnston was succeeded by General Hood,—because he was too much of a general under the circumstances to assume the aggressive,—a well-nigh forgotten event worked quite a change in my army relations. Something like a year prior to General Hood's succeeding General Johnston, as I one morning rode beside my captain, we saw on a hill ahead of us the village of Camargo, in Missis-

*IN THE ARMY*

issippi. As both the captain and myself were out of smoking tobacco, I remarked I would ride ahead and procure some. Our command was then attached for the time being to General Cabell's Arkansas Division, and we were on the route march, three hundred miles from the enemy. General Cabell had, as is usual, issued a general order that all should march with their commands. After buying my tobacco, as I sat upon my horse waiting for the battery to come up, the General with his staff rode by and noticing my artillery colors he had me arrested and put in charge of the provost's guard, dismounting me and sending my horse back to the battery. The General preferred charges against me for the violation of the general order requiring all troops to march with their commands, and I was court-martialed and of course convicted, the General appearing and testifying.

Upon the advice of my captain, I put in a written defense, giving the history of my connection with the army, service in it, etc., etc., something like I give here but briefer, of course. I was convicted by the court, but the penalty, instead of being a disgraceful one, such as they too often then inflicted upon privates, was "reduction to the ranks." This was really in my case no penalty at all. I had always been in the ranks. Every officer on the court,—after its adjournment, however,—signed a recommendation for my promotion, at my captain's solicitation no doubt, he signing with them.

What I feared about the court-martial was some

**THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER**

disgraceful punishment. Nothing was more common in our army than to punish privates who had straggled away from their commands on the march, by requiring them to wear a barrel shirt duly placarded every evening on the parade ground during dress parade. It was the fear of something like this that induced me to put in the written defense. The provost guard always had a lot of arrested men when they were on the road, marching along in the dust and dirt on foot, sleeping at night under guard like convicts, until they reached a permanent camp, at which time by a court-martial or otherwise, their offense would be disposed of and they punished if guilty and sent back to their commands. The arrest of itself was humiliating, as this provost band was always rather a disgraceful looking body.

My arrest and confinement for more than a week marching each day miles and miles on foot in the dust and dirt with this gang was about as much as I could stand. Realizing that I must be convicted of the general charge if court-martialed, and probably disgraced by the punishment that would ensue, I was quite worked up over it, and I had made up my mind if a disgraceful punishment such as they frequently administered was imposed upon me, I would leave the army, and take my chance of being shot for it; a chance by the way I cared little about, for I knew well what I could do on a good horse on a dark night towards getting away. Besides, a soldier who so often must risk his life for his cause and his country,

*IN THE ARMY*

is not going to hesitate to risk it to escape disgrace, and I did not hesitate to tell my captain how I felt about it and I had all the time his full sympathy. A barrel shirt is nothing more than an empty barrel, with a hole cut in the bottom large enough to go over the head and a hole cut in each side large enough to run the arms through. The barrel is inverted and put over the head, the arms are run through the arm-let holes and the culprit, accompanied usually with a fifer and a drummer, is marched back and forth during dress parade, as I have before said. It was because I feared this I was so much exercised over General Cabell's charge, my arrest, and his appearance as the only witness, before the court-martial. Of course, when I heard the penalty, as it was really no punishment, I thought of the matter no more and it had been well nigh forgotten.

About a year after this, when General Hood succeeded to the command of the Army of Tennessee, at midnight a courier rode up to our battery with an order for me to report at General Headquarters in the morning. I was, of course, greatly surprised and at once saddled my horse and reported to General Hood's headquarters with the courier that was sent for me. At headquarters, I met Adjutant-General Lee (Hood's adjutant-general). It was very early in the morning, the adjutant had not even breakfasted when he came out from his tent and met me. He asked if I was the man that was court-martialed. On replying in the affirmative, he told me that his atten-

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

tion had been called to my court-martial and my written defense that had been forwarded with it, and that he had sent for me to advise me that the General would recommend me for promotion, asking what particular branch of the service I would prefer. I, at General Hood's headquarters, found a second cousin from Arkansas, a lieutenant; whom I had never seen. He was Assistant Adjutant-General, and he no doubt had called his principal's attention to my court-martial and my defense.

Just at this time General Ben Hill (of McMinnville, Tenn.), a gallant officer that I knew personally, and whose brigade had more than once supported our battery, took me in hand, he being then on General Hood's staff, acting as Provost-General of the Army, and he told me to take an order to report to him, that he had been ordered by General Hood to call in all of the cavalry companies and battalions that were on post duty and reorganize them into Confederate regiments, with the view of preceding General Hood's Army in its advance. General Hill said to me that if I would take the order to report to him he would put me in command of the first Confederate regiment he formed. When I replied I did not know the cavalry drill, his reply was: "Battalion drill is the same in all branches of the service." "You are necessarily familiar with that as an artilleryman." This satisfied me, so I was glad to take an order to report to General Hill, and did so. As soon as I returned from ninety days of special service, I was



*IN THE ARMY*

placed in command of the 16th Confederate Regiment of Cavalry, and ordered at once into camp to receive companies and battalions as they reported and at the regular organization of the regiment,—which was by election,—I was elected Colonel. As that made me the senior officer of the brigade, I remained in command of the camp until other regiments were organized, then with General Hill, we started in advance of General Hood's army into Tennessee.

So, by the fortunes of war, and a court-martial, at length I scrambled from the ranks into the line. My first duties as an officer began when I was sent in company with one hundred other volunteer officers from the Texas and Missouri Brigade to General Sherman's rear, to interrupt and break, if possible, his railroad line of communication with his base. This service was filled with incident and adventure, which I will not undertake to narrate here, although more than one of the adventures of some of our officers deserve almost to rank with the exploits of Brigadier General Gerard, of whom so much has been written.

Regiments composing the Texas and Missouri brigades in the army of Tennessee, at the time of which I write, had become depleted to mere skeletons. As official company vacancies were always kept filled by prompt promotion from the ranks, there were dozens of companies in these brigades that had as many officers as men. When that formidable infantry weapon—the long-range gun with its bayonet—was ex-

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

changed for the sword, the fighting strength of the regiment was greatly diminished. The surplus officers, with their light swords—where there were no men to command—were practically useless. Realizing this, General Hood, when he took command of this Army of Tennessee, called for one hundred volunteer officers from these brigades for special service within the enemy's lines. The full number promptly reported, and as I was then awaiting assignment to duty, I was sent with them. We were mounted on condemned artillery horses, and sent to operate within the enemy's lines. We were expected to act independently, and in squads, or altogether when the occasion demanded. We all wore our uniforms so that we could not be treated as spies. We were instructed to mount ourselves upon the best horses obtainable as soon as we were outside of the limits of the camp, by exchanging therefor some old condemned artillery horses, upon which we were temporarily mounted. We were instructed to pay a liberal boot in Confederate Scrip. This order was strictly obeyed.

We remained within our own lines for a few days, and until we had fair mounts. Many a plaintive wail went up from fair ladies, when we would stop their carriage team upon the public streets and go to horse trading. We would take one horse—the best usually—and have the dusky coachman unharness him and put in his place one of our old condemned artillery horses. We were obstinate, but gallant. We never took more than one from the same carriage however

*IN THE ARMY*

much we wanted both. Within a week, we were fairly mounted and well within the enemy's lines. Later, after we had further opportunities for trading, I think we were the best mounted command in the service. Before I was through the campaign, I had the best mare I ever saw, but I did not trade for her.

We made our rallying point, a rendezvous in the woods, a few miles from Hickory Flats, in North Georgia. Hickory Flats was but a cross-road, where there was formerly a store. It was about eighteen miles from the railroad upon which we were expected to operate. Our orders were to tear up, capture, and run trains off the track, and do all we could to obstruct, and prevent, if possible, the running of the trains over the road. To facilitate the work, we had short pieces of iron rail hammered and fitted and sent us from Augusta, Georgia. These we could, by drawing a railroad spike, securely fit to the track, making a kind of switch. A man on horseback could carry one of these rails before him on his saddle without being materially inconvenienced. We had a light iron coupling to fasten the two short rails together, when spiked to the track. Three men with these instruments, could in ten minutes fit them to the iron rails in front of an advancing train and run it off. Its capture and destruction was then an easy matter, if we had men enough and time enough. For this, especially for the capture of an important train, we always employed our entire force if it was at hand or to be had. We only attempted a general holdup once in a while, and

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

never twice in the same place. We always selected a point where the railroad ran through dense woods; so the men could be concealed near by and our horses hidden under guard in the woods. We confined ourselves to the enemy's officers and soldiers, and their property, and articles contraband of war; and made some rich hauls—once capturing a part of the money sent down to pay off General Sherman's army. A Yankee trick, however, prevented our profiting much by this capture; for we consumed about all the time we had to work, in opening the iron safe to find it empty, or nearly so. The money was all in the ordinary mail bags, thrown as usual in the bottom of the car. One of our men chanced to carry off one of the bags, thinking the leather would make him a good pair of boots. When we got a half mile away where the horses were hidden, he cut the bag open, poured the contents on the fire, took the empty bag and galloped away with it after the command.

It chanced, as he poured the contents of the mail sack upon the fire, he noticed the mail was all in official envelopes and he gathered up a handful of these as he rode off, sticking one or two of them into his own pocket and distributing the balance to one or two of his companions. When at daylight, twenty miles away, the envelopes were opened, all were found to contain greenback money. Imagine the general disgust when this was discovered. When the little group that had the money refused to divide, cuss words filled the air. But as the amount saved was not

*IN THE ARMY*

large—only a few thousand dollars—beyond hard feelings, nothing came of it. As before said, our general rendezvous was in the woods near Hickory Flats, Georgia, some twenty miles off the railroad. It was but a camp in the woods, no tents, no baggage, no anything. Sometimes vacant, and sometimes with but two or three occupants. We moved every few days to some other point near by in the woods, relying for our safety upon the remoteness and security of our hiding places. We rarely put out pickets, even at night, as our movements and whereabouts were always kept secret. The exact location of the camp was known only to the occupants at the time; and the lady members of a prominent Southern family at the Flats. All the men folks of this family were usually away in the army. Our own absentees could always ascertain our location from our lady friends of the family at Hickory Flats. We trusted no one else. The women, with an old colored servant or two, ran the place. These women were Southern heroines. They were our staunch friends. The two young ladies of the family enacted for us more than one heroic deed. They one night saved our camp from surprise and destruction. At midnight upon one occasion a Federal cavalry regiment galloped up to their house, halted and questioned them for a moment and passed on. From what the Federals let fall, and from the guide they had, the ladies were sure they knew our location. The two young ladies (a daughter and a niece) at once rushed to the horse lot, saddled a horse

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

each, and wholly unattended, galloped through the woods in the dark, and five minutes before we heard the enemy's approach, alarmed our sleeping camp.

We were up at once, every man buckling on his arms, gathering his blankets and runing for his horse. As we were outnumbered more than ten to one, we quickly saddled, and, after the ladies, we disappeared in the woods.

These two young ladies upon another occasion, without a moment's hesitation, at the risk of their own, saved the lives of Captain Wickes and Lieut. Robb of our command. One day, as they all sat together upon the front veranda, a troop of Federal cavalry suddenly appeared at the front fence, less than forty yards from the house, and covering the officers with a dozen guns demanded their surrender. The two officers jumped to their feet, made for the passage, rushed to their horses tied in the woods at the rear, and made their escape, the two young ladies covering their retreat by standing and blocking the narrow exit so the soldiers could not fire, wholly disregarding their shouts to stand aside, or they would shoot them.

After these and other brave feats, to say that half of the command were in love with them is to put it mildly. Years after the war, without meantime hearing a word from or of them, I chanced to meet them in Texas—both happily married. One is now living with her family close by where I have a cattle ranch.

Within a month after we began our operations

*IN THE ARMY*

upon the railroad, all except day trains were discontinued, and these were run at almost a snail's pace. Troops of cavalry were stationed at frequent places along the line, and there was an infantry command stationed every five miles, soldiers from which patrolled every foot of the road fifteen minutes in advance of every train. It was soon impossible for us to do much. We, however, kept at it and continued our scouting, thereby keeping the Federal troops well within their lines, thus greatly protecting Southern families and their property.

The Federal authorities placarded us everywhere, declaring that if captured we would not be treated as ordinary prisoners of war; but that all of Hill's men would be speedily court-martialed and shot. This was a bit of bravado to which, of course, we paid no serious attention. Several of our officers were taken after we were so published, but in all cases they were treated as other prisoners of war. In fact, two of my own scouting companions were taken one night soon after we had been so publicly placarded. They were making a most daring foray into the very center of the enemy's camp at Marietta, Georgia, after horses, when there were at least five thousand Federal soldiers encamped in the town at the time.

The circumstances of this foray were these: Lieutenant Jackson of St. Louis had seen when scouting one day several carloads of cavalry horses on the train destined for the troops at Marietta. As his own mount was not very good, he declared he meant to

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

slip the guards on foot that night, and get him a good horse. There was a light moon, so taking his bridle, notwithstanding efforts to dissuade him, he set out with two other officers similarly equipped, that he had persuaded at the last moment to go with him. The names of the others have for the time escaped me. One lived at McKinney, Texas. I met him there years afterwards, when together we talked over war events. Our scouting camp for the night was in the woods, only a mile or so from the enemy's outward picket.

The outside picket was three miles from Marietta, the next about two miles, and the other about one mile; then came the various infantry guards all the way to the stock pens near the railroad depot in the center of the town where the horses were.

We had about given the foraying party up, when we heard distant firing—the bang, bang, of only one or two guns—then, in a minute or two, the bang, bang, bang of a few more guns. After a few moments more, there came another shot, then a volley from the first mounted picket, then one from the second, and last quite a volley from the advanced pickets, followed by the sound of a fast galloping horse upon the hard turnpike road. Soon after the last firing, Jackson mounted bareback upon a big dark iron-gray horse, rode at a walk into the light of the campfire and slid from his back, the intelligent animal breathing heavily but standing quietly at his side, his head touching Jackson, as much as to say: “Well done



*IN THE ARMY*

for both of us." The other two officers we never heard from until weeks afterwards. Both were captured and sent away as prisoners of war. How Jackson escaped was a wonder, as he had to ride through the infantry camp guards and three lines of mounted pickets on the open road. All of them, from the first being on the lookout and waiting for him.

Another of Jackson's exploits comes to me here, and I will narrate it. Jackson and myself, upon another occasion, were scouting near Marietta. We wished to ascertain if the troops still occupied the town. Jackson was on his gray horse. I was on a big, fine mule, that I had borrowed for the day, my own horse from hard riding needing a rest. As we topped quite a hill overlooking the town, we almost ran into a troop of Federal cavalry in the road coming at a quiet road-gait our way. We sighted each other at the same time. As we wheeled, they fired and made a dash for us. We had about one hundred yards the start; Jackson's gray getting away with him in fine style. From some cause, my mule, though he had quite a reputation for speed, would not let himself out. Instead of exerting himself, he galloped along in a perfunctory way, turning his head, looking back and braying like a jackass. Jackson, seeing my predicament galloped back, calling to me to get off and jump up behind him. Instead of doing this, I jumped from the mule and bolted into the thick woods that fortunately for me lined the road. The mule somehow took it into his fool head to follow; and came

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

tearing and bawling through the brush after me, blazing my trail like a pack of hounds would. Notwithstanding all the noise and braying, I soon found I was not followed.

The Federals, no doubt, suspected an ambushade, as Jackson, seeing how I was disposed of, rode into the brush, upon the same side of the road a hundred yards or so beyond me. Stopping a bit to listen, get breath and my bearings, I again mounted my mule and, picking my way, proceeded as noiselessly as I could through the woods at right angles to the road I had left. Before going far, I heard voices in the woods ahead of me, and stopping to listen, I plainly recognized Jackson's. Not knowing what to make of it exactly, and being sure I was not mistaken as to his voice, I slapped spurs into the mule and charged like a veritable Don Quixote, the mule fetching another bray as an accompaniment that could have been heard a mile.

As we partially tore through, and partially vaulted over some low brush, to my surprise, I landed almost on top of three Federal soldiers that Jackson had lined up and was relieving of their valuables in a most thorough and systematic way. Jackson was seated upon a stump, facing the Federals, and about thirty feet from them; his short carbine lay across his lap, with the gray horse's bridle rein over the stump behind him. He was taking the Federals in rotation, compelling each in turn to take off coat and trousers, turn them all wrong side out, pockets included, and

*IN THE ARMY*

to advance a step or two and deposit the clothes and valuables in separate piles in front of him; then to go back and line up, Jackson all the time keeping up a running fire of threats, curses and witticisms combined.

By the time he was through, he had before him a small pile of valuables, consisting of greenbacks, jack-knives, combs, and so forth, and so forth, and quite a pile of cast-off army clothes. Taking up the few greenbacks and the two best jack-knives, one of which he gave me—offering me at the same time a divide of the greenbacks, which I declined—he made the prisoners swear to an improvised parole. He then mounted his horse and we rode away, Jackson telling the prisoners that as soon as we were well out of sight, they might dress themselves and go about their business.

As we rode off, Jackson, by way of apology and explanation, said that as he had no thought of leaving me, he soon turned his horse into the wood and after he heard the cavalry pass, he was cautiously riding through the woods looking for me, when he heard the troop galloping back, evidently upon another road a little way north of the one we had left. While he stood concealed in the wood some distance from the road, waiting for the troop to pass, the three infantrymen, evidently trying to avoid the cavalry, almost ran over him.

They were infantrymen prowling the country on their own account, and evidently without leave. Al-

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

ready frightened, and out of breath, at his short, sharp command to halt, the leader, Jackson said, stopped like a bird dog on a point, and the other two promptly backed him. So he concluded to see what they had valuable about them.

Lieutenant Jackson and myself, after this incident, became greater chums than ever. We continued to scout together until at the end of ninety days we with the others reported back to General Hood, where I was assigned to the Command of the Sixteenth Confederate Regiment of Cavalry. This Sixteenth Confederate composed the first regiment of Hill's Brigade..

With this regiment as a nucleus we succeeded in a short time in raising a Cavalry Brigade of about five thousand men. This brigade was composed mainly of the old infantry soldiers left behind by General Bragg's Army, on his withdrawal from Kentucky and Tennessee. These men originally enlisted from Border States when the troubles began and public enthusiasm ran high. Many of them believed the War would not last three months, and they left their homes illy prepared themselves to go, and with still less preparation for their families to live at home without them. Soon after enlistment, they all were moved South with the general Southern Army alignment, and their unprotected families were left to the horrors of civil strife in a divided and disputed territory. Thus situated, these soldiers had spent their first hard year serving as infantry.

*IN THE ARMY*

When the Army of Tennessee, under Generals Bragg and E. Kirby Smith, advanced into Kentucky, and drove the Federal forces to the Ohio river and beyond, these men naturally felt they were again coming into their own. They were met everywhere with shouts and rejoicing, and when General Kirby Smith's corps headed by John Morgan's Cavalry, passed through Lexington they were given an ovation. Richly dressed women, the flower of Southern womanhood, met them with open doors and upon their front porches. Buckets—and even barrels of ice water—were upon the streets in front of the houses, and dusky servitors assisted by their smiling mistresses, served other refreshments. Every city, village and hamlet received them in a similar manner. All this was cheery and inspiring to the men who had been banished from their homes for a twelve month. This was followed by the most complete victory of the War for the Southern Cause, viz.: the battle at Richmond, Kentucky.

General Bragg, who commanded the entire Army, personally directed the movements of the Western Division and with this he advanced upon Louisville, as General Kirby Smith advanced in the direction of Cincinnati. General Bragg, with his own division vacillated and blundered, issued orders and countermanded them; approached within fourteen miles of Louisville and turned back—fighting no battle and winning no victories.

I was then a gunner in the First Texas Artillery

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

that was attached to Kirby Smith's Corps. We reached the banks of the Ohio River after nightfall; planted our field pieces upon the shores just opposite Cincinnati; ranged our guns covering the City's lights—not three-quarters of a mile away—and awaited the dawn for orders to commence firing. The men meantime lying upon the ground in their respective positions by their guns. Instead of the looked-for order, two or three hours before dawn, we were quietly awakened by the whispered command to "Limber to the rear, wrap your gun-carriage wheels with hay and withdraw them by hand, without noise." Soon the horses were put to the guns, and we moved on for hours without so much as a halt. Long lines of our infantry soon began to file into the road behind us; with haversacks and canteens hanging at their sides, their knapsacks and guns upon their backs and shoulders. Soon after daylight, wagon trains appeared all headed southward. By this time our entire Army was upon the route march, and as all cross-roads were blocked with waiting teams and wagons it was apparent to all that we were upon a general retreat and were again abandoning the country. The disappointment was great and this retreat lost us a large part of our Army.

Under color of a short leave of absence to see and bid good-bye to their families and without such leave, our men dropped out by hundreds and by thousands and remained behind. These men were in the main mountaineers and back-countrymen. Af-

*IN THE ARMY*

ter they heard the tales told them of the want, suffering and many outrages perpetrated in their former absence, they were unwilling to again leave all that was dear to them to horrors worse than war. Who could blame them? They knew they could hold the mountains, the hills and the backwoods, and protect their wives and daughters, and sweethearts, if the Southern Army could not; and they did it.

To meet and match the Federal Home Guards, and the marauding robber bands that belonged to neither side or Army, they organized and operated singly and in squads. They formed themselves often into Guerrilla Bands to enable them to act more effectively. Knowing the hills and the hiding places, the by ways and the mountain passes, raised from infancy upon their mountain horses, they were capital horsemen and they could in their own mountain country ride and strike like a thunder bolt. Besides, their hard year in the Infantry service had made them veterans in War.

When General Hood took command of the Army of Tennessee, to reclaim these men and get them back into the Army, he ordered General Ben Hill to re-enlist these mountain men in his Cavalry, thus giving them a chance to clear their record and wipe out old scores.

The hiding and warring mountaineers were but too glad to accept General Hill's offer, and mounted upon their own horses they joined us by hundreds. The Independent and Guerrilla Companies, without

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

disbanding and joining, came under their own already famous Captains and reported, aided and co-operated with us.

The General with his Staff and a small force was much of the time absent while we were engaged in this recruiting service. As recruits flocked to him he would forward them in Squads, Companies and Battalions to the command. Organizing these, and keeping off marauders and raids of Federal Cavalry kept me and my immediate command fully occupied. While following a raid of Federals, I one day received from General Hill the following order:

"Oxford, Ala., April 25, 1865.

Colonel:

Pursue the enemy cautiously. I send you a guide that knows the country. If he does not know the country sufficiently, press another that does know. Myself, Dr. Smart, Maj. Watkins and Capt. Creighthead are coming on with re-inforcements and will join you at the earliest possible moment. We have killed, wounded and captured fifty Yankees with a small force. I have a great many prisoners now in possession that myself and staff and two men captured. I have captured a great many horses and Spencer rifles, with plenty of ammunition. If I could have had fifty men with me I could have captured many of their number. I have sent a command to General Wofford who will meet the enemy



*IN THE ARMY*

at Chattahoochy with four or five thousand effective men. Advance cautiously and parallel with the enemy and hang upon his flanks.

By Order of      Brig. General B. J. Hill.  
   A. M. Watkins,  
   Insp. General, Hill Brigade.

To Colonel Gramp, Com'd'g, &c.

P. S.—Col. Sparks will join us tonight with sixty or seventy men, and others will join us soon."

In obedience to this order, I continued to pursue the raid of Federals I was following and came up with them near Talladega, Alabama. There, after two or three vigorous charges with my advance, I succeeded in routing the Federal Cavalry, and clearing and saving the town, and a rich private bank there, owned by a wealthy and prominent citizen, Major Isabell.

The Major and his family were good friends of mine. I had more than once enjoyed their kind hospitality, as well as that of Major Terry's, Judge Heflin's and other prominent and good citizens there. In fact, General Hill's command had been much at and around Talladega, Blue Mountain, Oxford and Jacksonville. All of these places were in close proximity; we knew every trail and by-path. Owing to this, the Federals had found themselves sorely beset upon all sides. They were compelled to keep

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

moving and to keep their command together. They could not divide, and capture towns, and take or destroy ordinance, Quartermaster or Commissary supplies stored there. When my advance attacked them in Talladega we cleared the town, saved the bank and everything there in twenty minutes.

There is now on the stage a pretty Southern play called Talladega. It opens with a charming war scene in the town of Talladega. As our skirmish (it can scarcely be called more) was the only battle fought there, when I saw the play, I was deeply interested. How it recalled the loves and sentiments of long past days. How much I loved my young lady friends there, the banker's daughter among them, and which I loved the best I will not tell here.

After the Talladega fight, we continued to follow the Federal Cavalry Brigade. Our method of fighting was after the guerrilla order. This was the style that best suited us, and that our men were most accustomed to and that was best adapted to the wooded hill country through which we were operating. I had in this pursuit only a part of two regiments, my own and Colonel Spark's. The remainder of the brigade being back waiting to be joined by General Hill himself. Besides my own command, two independent regular Guerilla commands were hanging onto the enemy's flanks and rear like bear dogs, nipping and tearing him at every turn. When a company or battalion of my own command, or one

*IN THE ARMY*

of these independent companies, would suddenly come dashing from the hills, or down some mountain defile, and attack the Federal column in the flank, they would strike and sting like a bunch of hornets. They would charge through them, emptying with their ready six-shooter every saddle within reach. They would then often turn, gallop up or down the Federal column and charge back with the same deadly effect—losing themselves hardly a man.

In one of these attacks, made upon the Federal command at daylight one morning, I had a splendid chestnut mare, that I had borrowed, killed from under me. This misadventure was the means of providing me with the best mount that I in a long life have ever known or seen. I have in my time been in many countries, and seen and known, and even rode many good horses, but none that ever approached the black thoroughbred mare (the same I referred to a few pages back), that I shall mention now. When the mare I had borrowed to make the night ride and daylight attack was hit, I felt the shock and felt her flinch under me. From the way she took the bit and blindly plunged ahead, regardless of the guiding rein, I knew she was badly hurt. She, however, carried me through the charge, and dropped dead as a stone. As the Federals made no attempt to charge, or to follow us, I made a halt to rest the command, breathe the horses and to take such light breakfast as our saddle pockets could supply.

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

While we were halted, up came as fine a type of the old Southern "Gentleman of the Black Stock" as it had ever been my good fortune to meet. He addressed me in the most courteous way; gave his name, which I cannot now recall, alluded to my mishap, and said his servant was bringing me, what he thought was the finest mare in the Southern Confederacy.

Soon, an old colored serving man led her up. Her glossy black coat gleamed in the morning sun like satin. She was of medium height, with a head, neck, back and legs that were faultless. She had a full, clear, fearless, but gentle eye, wide forehead and pointed ears almost always turned forward, as much as to say, "It's what goes on in front that interests me."

The mare was an imported one, as the gentleman told me. I think I am a fair judge of horses, but when I had looked her over, I was at once convinced I had never seen mare or horse that in conformation and general appearance was quite as good. When I asked as to her speed and saddle qualities, he told me that she was perfect. After riding her, I quite agreed with him. I could start from the rear of a column, half a mile long, charging at full speed, and pass to the front, almost as though they were standing still. A thread would hold and guide her. She carried you like a bird and was matchless to lead a charge with. Leading a cavalry charge is after all not so dangerous. Twenty-five to fifty yards

*IN THE ARMY*

in advance of your own column is about as safe a place as you can have, where you are charging other cavalry. As a rule, they don't so much fire at you, as at the larger body behind. It is a good deal like quail shooting when a covey is flushed; there is always a bird in the covey that rises a second first. This bird gets away nine times out of ten. The shooters—no difference how many—almost invariably shoot at the bunch; if they are true sportsmen, they pick off their singles from the rim of the flying covey.

The old gentleman when he presented me the mare, made of me one request; that was, that if both the mare and myself were alive at the close of the war, I was to advise him, and he would come for her. I promised to observe this request, and I faithfully kept my promise.

Soon after this, while still following the cavalry raid, I captured quite a squad of the Federal Cavalry we were pursuing. They told me of General Robert E. Lee's surrender of the Army of Virginia. This was confirmed by some late papers upon their persons giving the terms and details. I at once discontinued the pursuit, faced about, and made for our base at Blue Mountain, Alabama. Almost every mile brought confirmation of the report. When I reached Blue Mountain, I found the rest of our command there. The next day's train brought the owner of the mare. It is needless to say, I at once returned her to him; but not until I had offered him

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

everything I had (a horse or two), and promised my note besides for about all I expected to have—any way soon. All was declined with courtesy, and I returned the mare in fine condition, and without scar or blemish, just as she was when I received her. This grand old gentleman boarded the first train, taking with him the mare and the same old colored man who first led her to me, in charge of her. How I wanted to ride her to Texas. I had already made up my mind to go there, as Johnston's Army would no doubt surrender.

To say that I was surprised at General Lee's surrender is to put it mildly. I was literally astounded. For the first time in my four years' service, I had but just come into a position that gave me a chance. I had had less than six months of fighting that was really to my taste. I had been in command of my regiment for only four months, and much of this time in command of the brigade.

From the time I took command until I heard of Lee's surrender, I had been day and night in the saddle; all of the time upon neutral territory or within the enemies' lines. Now, as it seemed, all was over. Just where General Johnston's Army was I did not know. It, perhaps, had already surrendered. The question was, what to do. Had I then known what had been known to General Lee and President Davis, and the Confederate Congress for weeks before Lee's surrender, I would have taken my command straight to Maximilian and Mexico.

*IN THE ARMY*

For, as I afterwards learned, in February, 1865, Judge John A. Campbell, of Alabama, who had been one of the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, and who was Assistant—but in fact the real—Secretary of War for the Southern Confederacy, had in the name of the War Department at Richmond, called upon the heads of all the Departments of the Armies of the Confederacy for a full and complete report of their several conditions, both as to war supplies on hand and their means and prospects for replenishment. When the reports came in, the Secretary was astounded. Judge Campbell took these reports to President Davis, submitting them to him personally. The President looked them over, and without comment ordered Judge Campbell to forward them at once to General Lee, who had a short time before been made Commanding General of all the Armies of the Southern Confederacy.

General Lee immediately returned these reports with the following endorsement: "Respectfully returned with the further information that I cannot hold my present lines at Petersburg nor can I retreat therefrom, and it is the duty of the Administration and the Confederate Congress to at once obtain from the United States Government the best possible terms of surrender."

(Signed) Robert E. Lee,  
General Commanding.

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

President Davis at once submitted these reports to the Confederate Congress with General Lee's endorsements. When they were received, without any attempt at action upon them, Congress adjourned and the members left Richmond.

The above account, so far as I know, has never appeared in the public prints. That it is a correct one, I fully believe, for I have it upon what I consider the best possible authority.

In deciding what we should do, I had of course to consult my men. They, not knowing just what their reception would be, fearing they might be required at the return of peace to answer to the Civil Authorities for the many mountain tragedies enacted during the War, hesitated to surrender and go home. They were just the men to take to the Trans-Mississippi or to the great Southwest beyond. They were ready to fight for the Confederacy to the last gasp under General Kirby Smith, if fighting for it was longer possible. If it was not, they would have been quite as willing to have gone on, and linked their fortunes with the great and good, Emperor Maximilian in Mexico, had they known that the last flag of the Southern Confederacy would be furled forever before they reached the Mississippi. In fact, had we anticipated General Kirby Smith's immediate surrender, I, instead of ordering my men to report to me at his headquarters at Shreveport, would have taken them to the Rio Grande.



*IN THE ARMY*

I had heard that Maximilian had against his own inclinations, and at the urgent request of the leading powers of Europe—and as he was made to believe at the request of Mexico herself—reluctantly consented to ascend the throne and devote his life and best energies to giving Mexico a wise, just and permanent Government, something she had never had.

It would have been an easy task for five thousand men at that time to traverse Arkansas and Texas on horseback. All the Southern States were then full of returning soldiers. The few gunboats on the Mississippi would have been no real obstacle. They could slip by those and cross the Mississippi any dark night; ford the Rio Grande and be in Mexico in thirty days. They had been accustomed to taking care of themselves, to moving rapidly with no more baggage or equipment than they could carry on their horses, and to live upon the country they passed through; or to scatter and re-assemble at any designated point, even if the point was a thousand miles away.

They were ready for desperate deeds, to lead forlorn hopes, to fight to the last gasp, if fighting was possible. They were just then what the Emperor Maximilian most needed. They were fighting men, every one of them. They were under their own captains, trained, mounted and armed and had all the equipment they needed. For Mexico and the guerilla warfare carried on there, the world could not furnish their equals. They were ready to become

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

Soldiers of Fortune, and were entitled to rank with the best the world had ever seen. With five thousand such men as a nucleus, it would have been no difficult matter for Maximilian to change the Map of Mexico, and of all the Latin Republics.

It is the Soldier of Fortune after all that has always done a large part of the worlds hard fighting. D'Artagnan, Porthos, Athos and Aramis, that Dumas writes about, were Soldiers of Fortune, if they were anything. So was the White Company that dominated Southern Europe for twenty years. My men and the Independent Guerrilla Companies co-operating with us at the surrender of the Army of the Tennessee, were just as vicious fighters as the White Company that Conan Doyle so writes about.

The fact is, I don't believe there ever was, for Guerilla Warfare, and for fighting on horseback, quite such fighting machines as our horseback mountaineers were. They never attempted to carry a gun. They never fought dismounted and never meant to if they could help it. A gun seriously handicaps a man on a horse. It takes the left arm and hand to manage his horse. Give him a pair of six-shooters at his belt, the butts to the front, and another pair in his saddle holsters in front of him and he can manipulate them in rotation about as speedily and effectually as a lady can her piano keys. He knows just where they are without looking, and can discharge the twenty-four shots in about that many seconds, all the time keeping his eyes upon

*IN THE ARMY*

his enemy. If he is dismounted he has often time to transfer his pistols in the holsters to his belt. Every one of these Independent Companies, as well as my command, had they known General Kirby Smith would surrender before they could cross the Mississippi, would have just as readily set out for Mexico as for Shreveport. If they had, I have an idea things might have been different, and Maximilian might never have been deserted and a prisoner, and might never have met his death alone from the rifles of a Mexican firing squad.

Maximilian deserved a better fate. Lured by crowned heads from ideal and peaceful surroundings; his life, history and death coupled with the loss of reason of his beloved and peerless Carlotta; make one of the saddest and most pathetic pages of history.

I knew the Emperor Maximilian's Chief Aide in Mexico. This was General R. E. Gunner, who (in Aug., 1911), died at the age of 78, in my home town, in Texas, where he spent the last twenty-five years of his life. General Gunner accompanied Maximilian to Mexico. He was an educated Austrian officer, Maximilian's Chief of Artillery, and the Commander of his Palace. In an interview published before his death, he thus spoke of Maximilian:

"Oh, the Emperor? Than him there never lived a grander, nobler man. He loved Mexico with all his heart, and until close to his end his confidence

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

and love led him to trust everybody. He was of a chivalrous nature—a true Hapsburg, the descendant of a line that ruled for eight centuries. He thought to make Mexico, that wonderful country, contented, happy and prosperous—as it could and should be. He had no ambition as a ruler but to resurrect and reconstruct his fellow men. Contrast his station in Europe with his condition in Mexico, and you will admit it. The idea that he erected his throne to make money is preposterous. The dowry alone of the Empress Carlotta was 20,000,000 francs cash, and he was the heir of the abdicated Emperor Ferdinand of Austria, whose riches are untold. He had given Maximilian his charming castle of Miramar, around which clustered the most golden memories, and which is surrounded by a panorama of all in nature and art that is calculated to make life pleasing. For abandoning these attractions for an Empire in Mexico, he was called a dreamer, but the true story of his chivalric nature has never been written. He was not a pleasure seeker.

“For upward of ten years I was the Emperor’s confidential companion, and I have in my possession a letter he wrote me from Queretaro two hours before his death, thanking me for my sincere attachment and true friendship. He had the future of Mexico at heart and his last wish was that his would be the last blood shed by that country. Maximilian, I repeat, desired to be the redeemer of Mexico. Court etiquette was observed in his palace as a presenta-

*IN THE ARMY*

tion of majesty, but the Emperor was very simple in his habits and a hard worker. He arose at 4 o'clock in the morning to attend to the affairs of State. The French abandoned him, Napoleon's prestige shivering before the military demonstrations made by the United States. Pierron insulted him by saying if he wanted money France would let him have it when he went there. Castelnar was sent over by Napoleon to induce him to abdicate and leave Mexico; but he had embarked with his honor on a mission of humanity and he preserved his honor with his life. He and Napoleon were not cast in the same mold. The men he did most for in Mexico proved to be the dogs that bit him most brutally."

I have known Mexico and the Latin Republic for more than half a century. Half a dozen fighters could always start a Revolution there. I knew some of General Walker's men. One of his officers, Major Morey, after his return from General Walker's Nicaragua Expedition, died in my house in Texas. The other day I lunched, at the invitation of a friend, with General Garibaldi, aide to Madero in his late fling at revolution in Mexico. While General Garibaldi does not think so, my own opinion is that Madero, too, will soon flee the country as his predecessors have done, or face like them a Mexican firing line. It would in my opinion have been far better for Mexico had Maximilian been sustained. I have no faith in a Republic for such a people.

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

But, to return to our own affairs, after reaching our base at Blue Mountain, we had little further time to consider matters. We were isolated and in the interior with detached Federal troops pressing us upon all sides demanding our immediate surrender. As I was unwilling to do this as yet, and my men were of the same mind, I obtained from General Hill the following order and letters of introduction:

"Hd. Qrs. Hill's Brigade,  
Jacksonville, Ala., April, 1865.

Special Order No. —.

Owing to the surrender of General Lee's Army and the critical condition of General Johnston's Army and the hopelessness of our cause in the East side of the Mississippi River, Colonel Gramp of my Brigade, is hereby ordered and directed to proceed at once to the Trans-Mississippi Department and establish his headquarters at Shreveport, La., for the purpose of collecting all men of my Brigade, who have been directed to report at that Post. After accomplishing this object, should it be impracticable for him to remain at Shreveport, he will remove his headquarters to Tyler, Texas, or to any point the military authorities may think best and await my arrival.

By Order of

Brig. General B. J. Hill.

W. S. Jeter, A. D. C."

Page One Hundred Twenty-Three

*IN THE ARMY*

"Hd. Qrs. Hill's Brigade,  
Blue Mountain, Ala., May 1, 1865.

General E. Kirby Smith,  
Comd'g Trans. Miss. Dept.

Introducing Col. Gramp.

General:

I write this to introduce to your acquaintance Col. Gramp of my Brigade. Col. Gramp was ordered by General Hood to report to me in November last. Since he reported he has been under my orders and has rendered efficient services. He commanded the 1st Regiment of my Brigade, and I have the pleasure in saying that in every action in which his regiment has been engaged, he has displayed cool, deliberate judgment and has evinced the highest evidence of bold courage and gallantry. His conduct has been such as to endear him to the command, and I can truthfully state the troops had great confidence in him as an officer. The Colonel's Regiment was duly organized, muster rolls forwarded to the War Department for Commissions, but owing to the late derangement of affairs, we have not been able to obtain the approval and Commissions for the officers. In consequence of the unfortunate surrender of General Lee and his Army and in view of the certainty of the surrender of General Johnston and his Army, it has brought about such a condition of affairs as render it impracticable to retain organization in this

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

locality; and many of my command express a desire to make an effort to go to the Trans-Mississippi Department and there continue hostilities under your leadership. Owing to such circumstances, Colonel Gramp has applied and obtained an order to report to your Department. I have ordered all who prefer crossing the river to taking a parol to report to Colonel Gramp, at Shreveport, La., or wherever you may designate. In conclusion, General, allow me to ask in Colonel Gramp's behalf your favorable consideration, and believe me as ever,

Your friend truly,

Brig. General B. J. Hill,  
Commanding Cavalry."

"Hd. Qrs. Hill's Brigade,  
Blue Mountain, Ala., May 1, 1865.

General T. J. Churchill,  
Trans-Mississippi Department.

General:

Allow me to introduce to your acquaintance Colonel Gramp of this Brigade. Colonel Gramp was ordered by General Hood to report to me in November last as Captain and was promoted to the rank of Colonel on March the 1st and ordered to take command of the 16th Confederate Regiment of this Brigade. In consequence of the late terms of agreement made and entered into with the Fed-



*IN THE ARMY*

eral Generals by Generals Lee and Johnston, it has been made impracticable to retain an organization and many of my command are desirous to obtain orders to report to Colonel Gramp in the Trans-Mississippi Department. I have the pleasure in stating that the Colonel possesses high qualifications for an officer of his rank. He has evinced cool courage and gallantry in every engagement in which his regiment has been engaged.

I recommend him as a gentleman and officer to your favorable consideration.

I am, General, with high regard,

Your obedient servant and friend,

Brig. General B. J. Hill,  
Commanding Cavalry."

To Brig. General Churchill.

After receiving my orders and letters, I assembled my command, and told them that all who wished to do so could follow, and join me at Shreveport, La., where I expected to find the headquarters of the Confederate Trans-Mississippi Department. In my few words to them I further said that I did not think it best for us to attempt to go through as a command, or even in battalions or companies. That their best chance to get through would be for them to travel separately, each man for himself, or in small squads; that to go in force or in large armed squads

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

would be sure to attract the attention of the Federal authorities, and cause their arrest. That further resistance East of the Mississippi would be not only madness, but criminal. That the leaders of our armies there had surrendered in good faith, and that faith must be observed. I advised all that lived East of the Mississippi, who had homes to which they could safely go, to surrender and go there.

With these few words of counsel and advice, I disbanded my command, and with one companion, Lieutenant Street, of Tuscaloosa, Ala., now an eminent Judge upon the bench of Texas, I started on horseback to make my way through the country to the Trans-Mississippi Department. Notwithstanding the natural depression consequent upon our surroundings, the few days journey upon horseback with Lieutenant Street were not unpleasant. The Lieutenant was a most charming traveling companion. He would daily regale me by reciting "Anthony to Cleopatra," until I learned every word of that masterly poem by heart. I believe the poem is called "Anthony to Cleopatra." At any rate, it is the poem that begins:

"I am dying! Egypt, dying!  
Ebbs the crimson life tide fast,  
And the dark Plutonian Shadows  
Gather on the evening blast."

This poem, as I was told, was written by General Lytle, of the Federal Army one night in his tent during the War, when the General was so in his

*IN THE ARMY*

cups that he knew nothing of it, or of his writing it, when it was shown to him the next morning. Now, I do not vouch for this version, or that I give it correctly. I simply tell the story here as it was told to me. I have no recollection of ever myself seeing the poem in print. It of course has often been published. Probably, too, with a different authenticity than I give here. If so, it may be that my recollection after fifty years, is all at fault. At any rate, this much I am sure of, the Lieutenant in those long day rides, by his continued verbal repetitions and most eloquent recital, taught me a beautiful poem that I remember to this day.

As we were entirely without money—even Confederate money in any amount—it was not always easy, notwithstanding the general hospitality of the people upon the road, for us to stop at a house for the night. We always managed, however, to do this.

The Judge to this day insists that in our journeying, there was always a point of difference between us. He insisting on telling in advance we had no money; while I, he claims, insisted on telling this the next morning. As I was the ranking officer, I, the Judge claims, always had my way about it. I really think that our sentiments coincided in every particular, and I must so far differ from the Judge as to think he is quite mistaken; and that my frank disposition would hardly have allowed of my at-

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

tempting to mislead any one in so unimportant a matter.

After myself and Lieutenant S. had journeyed a week or so together, we learned that General Kirby Smith had surrendered the Department of the Trans-Mississippi. With this news fled the hopes of the last Confederate soldier.

This intelligence came to us in the woods that cover the Mississippi bottom, where I and my companion, like hundreds of others, were lurking, dodging the Federal troops, patrols and gunboats, awaiting an opportunity to cross the river.

When fully assured as to the correctness of this report, we turned Northward, traveling on horse-back up the river until we reached Memphis, Tenn. There a Federal patrol took charge of us as we rode into the city, and escorted us to headquarters; our grey uniforms proclaiming as well as words could our status and mission. As we rode our horses and retained our side-arms, citizens as we passed under guard through the streets would salute, bow and smile to us in the most friendly and kindly way. A few words at Federal headquarters assured us the most respectful treatment. We were allowed to keep our horses and side-arms, everything in fact we had, and as soon as the few formalities of our surrender were gone through with, we were turned over in the nicest way to the group of loyal citizens waiting to

*IN THE ARMY*

take charge of us. Never was hospitality more kindly extended; never was it more fully appreciated.

A most princely Southern gentleman—I wish I could recall his name—welcomed us to his house and interesting family, and kept us there for the two or three days we would remain; the entire family showering us with kindness and courtesies. In the meantime the United States Government gave me one hundred dollars in greenbacks for my horse, and gave me transportation down the Mississippi, and up the Arkansas River to Pine Bluff, Arkansas, my nearest point of departure for Texas.

At Pine Bluff, I paid forty dollars for a pony, and set out alone overland for the old sheep ranch in Texas I had left four years before. In due time, by slow stages, sick from a chronic disease contracted in the Army, weary and travel-worn, I reached the house of the old farmer friend who lived nearest to the sheep Ranch. This old friend kindly took me in. After a few days rest, by his advice, I again set out on my pony for a mineral spring of note, in a Western County, hoping its medicinal waters would cure me. In this I was disappointed. I remained at these Springs about two months, and until the little money I had left from the sale of my horse at Memphis was exhausted.

The War was a severe blow to State-Rights. After it the blue lights of Federalism burned with renewed brilliancy. And after all what has been the

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

result? Slavery has ceased to exist, but it was not the cause of the war nor was it abolished by it. Mr. Lincoln's proclamation declaring the slaves free could have no legal effect. It took an act of Congress and the 13th Amendment to the Constitution to abolish slavery.

The war established the fact that the General Government in four years with the aid of all the Northern States backed by their boundless resources and the 2,678,916 soldiers they actually put in the field—as shown by the departments at Washington—was able to finally overwhelm and cause the surrender of the 100,000 soldiers the South had left her; and this only after the South had no bread to feed them, and no men with which to recruit their ranks.

But, has it established the fact that this was right and constitutional? Is it also settled that hereafter should the compact between the States be violated, and for such violation should the sovereign people of a State peacefully attempt to withdraw, that such withdrawal is cause for war? Have the results of the war made the General Government, the creature, larger than the States, the Creator? Has it been settled, too, that in future a State is to be held in the Union by the bayonet and not by the Original Compact and Constitution, and the laws of attraction and fraternal bonds, regardless of the right and justice of the matter? If so, then the War has transferred sovereignty from the State to the Gen-

*IN THE ARMY*

eral Government, and it is true that State-Rights—as to all vital matters—is in fact destroyed.

While Slavery was not the cause of the War, the fact that we had entailed as it were upon us by inheritance rather than by conviction, that justly hated institution, put the civilized world against us. An early proclamation by President Davis, freeing the slaves, would have brought foreign recognition and an early peace. Had President Davis been able and far-seeing enough to issue such a proclamation, a part of the fame and immortality that now surrounds the name of Abraham Lincoln would rightfully belong to Mr. Davis. The opportunity by one blow to strike the shackles from four million slaves and make them free, has on this earth come but once.

Again, a wise statesmanship upon the part of the Confederate authorities should have counselled, yea, even compelled, patience and a waiting policy. The election of Mr. Lincoln was not cause for war; neither was the secession of South Carolina. A few months delay with open Southern ports would have put the South's cotton crop in England, and given her a credit there of several hundred millions to enable her to keep them open. There was besides a large peace party in the North opposed to the attempt to coerce a State for exercising her right to secede. Had Sumter not been fired upon, actual war might have been delayed for months, or for a year, perhaps it would not have come at all. When it did come, the policy of the South under the circumstances,

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

as it seems to me, should have been throughout to wage a war for defense only; and upon her own territory. The South's grave mistake, it seems to me, was allowing precipitation, and ever attempting aggressive warfare. Had General Lee been able to have kept under protection and for defence the men lost at Gettysburg and on other exhausting and aggressive movements, he would have remained invincible with the Army of Virginia. So would General Joseph E. Johnston under such a policy have been invincible with the Army of Tennessee; at least until the war party North would have demanded the War of invasion should cease. Again, putting Bragg early in command of this army was a mistake and it was another mistake to put General Hood in command of it later. Had President Davis early placed General Joseph E. Johnston in command of the Army of Tennessee, and kept him there as he kept General Robert E. Lee in Virginia, results would have been different. Both Bragg and Hood were great fighters, but neither of them were fit to command a Department, or to manage a great campaign. This had been fully demonstrated before either had been placed in the command of a Department. In their two advances and retreats, they lost us one-half of the Army of Tennessee. General Robert E. Lee lost half of his army on his advance into Pennsylvania; over twenty thousand of them were left on the battlefield of Gettysburg alone.

However, it all matters little now. If the war has



*IN THE ARMY*

decided that the Federal Government is to be the final and exclusive judge of the powers delegated to it by the States under the Federal Constitution and that the States hereafter have no voice in the matter, it may be just as well.

From this decision an appeal has been taken to the God of Battles, and, as is usual in such cases, this impartial Arbiter has given the victory and his decision to the side with the heavy battalions, so perhaps we will have to let it go at that.

"Prior to the War, over and over again, was this great question discussed by the leading men of the country, from the adoption of the Federal Constitution in 1787 down to the outbreak of the Civil War. For seventy odd years it received the grave attention and consideration of the ablest intellects and statesmen that the country produced. The question on several occasions assumed a very grave aspect, and it looked as if only a civil war could settle it.

By resolutions of 1798 and 1799, passed by the Legislatures of Virginia and Kentucky, it was held that each State had the right to construe the Federal Constitution for itself in all questions in dispute between the State and the Federal Government. In 1814, Massachusetts and other New England States held a convention at Hartford, Conn., and published a manifesto setting forth dangers impending to New England from the usurpations of the General Government, as alleged by this convention. It also rec-

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

ommended that the Legislatures of the New England States should adopt such measures as would be necessary to protect the New England people from the operation of certain acts passed by Congress, and pronounced to be unconstitutional by the Convention at Hartford. In 1832 an ordinance was passed in South Carolina declaring certain acts of Congress passed on the tariff to be unconstitutional, and that South Carolina would secede from the Federal Union if the General Government attempted to enforce such tariff laws within the State of South Carolina." President Buchanan and his Cabinet held in 1861 that a State could not be coerced from withdrawing from the Union. Horace Greeley with the New York Tribune took the same view, and the Statesmen of the South were unanimous in it. But, enough of War.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

FROM 1865 TO 1895

**M**Y stay at the Mineral Springs in the Western County cost me little,—only twelve dollars a month all told. My pony's keep cost nothing. All I had to do was to turn him loose with the other horses upon the open range. If they chanced to escape the thieving bands of Comanches that occasionally raided the country, they were sure to turn up all right, and mine did.

While at the Springs I made the acquaintance of many of the cattlemen. Among them, a Mr. Mosely, a large cattleman for those days and for that country. Mr. Mosely lived at a flourishing frontier town only thirty miles from the Springs. He spent a month at the Springs with his family during my stay there. We became well acquainted. I liked him and his family, and they all seemed to like me.

By the time I had exhausted my limited means and had to do something, Mr. Mosely advised that I join a cattleman's outfit that was going two hundred miles further West after cattle. I had been

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

shut up for two months, sleeping indoors and taking little or no exercise, so it was suggested that now to ride and rough it again after my rest might do for me what the Springs without exercise had failed to do; Mr. Mosely remarking that he had more than once observed that the beneficial effects of the waters were often most marked after leaving them. I took the advice, saddled my pony, settled my bill,—all but one dollar, I being that much short, to my embarrassment,—and set out. I was then an invalid and too gloomy and blue to know or care much what became of me.

We had no wagon, only pack-horses. Our saddle-blankets upon the bare ground made our bed at night. It was only by the daily use of opium that I was enabled to keep in the saddle and with the party for the first day or two. In three or four days, I could ride without stimulants, and in a week I was quite another person.

I found the cowboys far from a bad lot. They were good to me from the beginning. The first few days, while I was weak and ill, they could not do enough for me. They saddled and unsaddled my pony and hobbled him out. At night, while I was weak and feverish, they saw that a canteen of cool water was at my head within easy reach. When I began to improve, they saw that my tin cup had hot coffee, and my tin plate had the best of the steaming camp-stew. In a few days, I was in,—if not a new

*FROM 1865 TO 1895*

heaven,—what seemed a new earth. In fact, this Cowboy Land was both to me. No wonder I love it, and love to this day to go back to it.

Fortunately for me, I set out at the very best season for out-of-door life in that country. It was late summer. Old Mother Earth was warm and comforting, with only a saddle-blanket to lie upon. The Grand Old Dame is not subject to sudden chill and change. She has so much to give her children if they will only keep close to her. He was a Wise Old Pagan who invented the Story of the Wrestler who could not be thrown as long as he could keep his feet on Mother Earth.

When I started on this trip I was discouraged, broke, sick, and sadly out of line. In two or three weeks I was entirely myself and fit for anything. "Rural Nature has a subtle charm that all have felt who have had the good fortune to pass a portion of their lives in the country." I have always found that when I am worn, nervous, and troubled, if I can get into the forests, upon the plains, or in the mountains, Nature's Dumb-Motherhood, somehow, brings me 'round again.

After three or four weeks I reluctantly left my new friends and journeyed alone on horseback one hundred and fifty miles to a frontier town, where, with the aid of Mr. Mosely, I got me a five-months private school. When it was out, I married a most faithful and devoted wife; obtained my law license,

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

and for eight years lived and practiced law in this delightful frontier town, where we made a few good and lifelong friends we regretted much to leave. I, however, over Bammy's,—always the steady wheel-horse in our conjugal team,—protest, insisted upon moving to a larger town in the interior of the State.

We made the journey in a buggy, there being no railroads in that section in those days. My good wife, a daughter five years old, and seventeen thousand dollars,—all of my worldly possessions,—were carried in the buggy. With my own seventeen thousand dollars in United States greenback notes, I carried in a little grip in the buggy twenty-five thousand dollars more belonging equally to two of my friends,—a private banker already established in the city I was removing to, agreed to put in twelve thousand, five hundred dollars with us, and with this we organized and incorporated a City Bank with fifty thousand dollars capital, each taking one-fourth of the stock. After paying for my fourth of the bank stock, I had forty-five hundred dollars left with which to build a home. In the building we used all of this and more,—too much more, as Bammy thought. So we sold this house and built a one-story, modest brick cottage amid the trees on an adjoining lot.

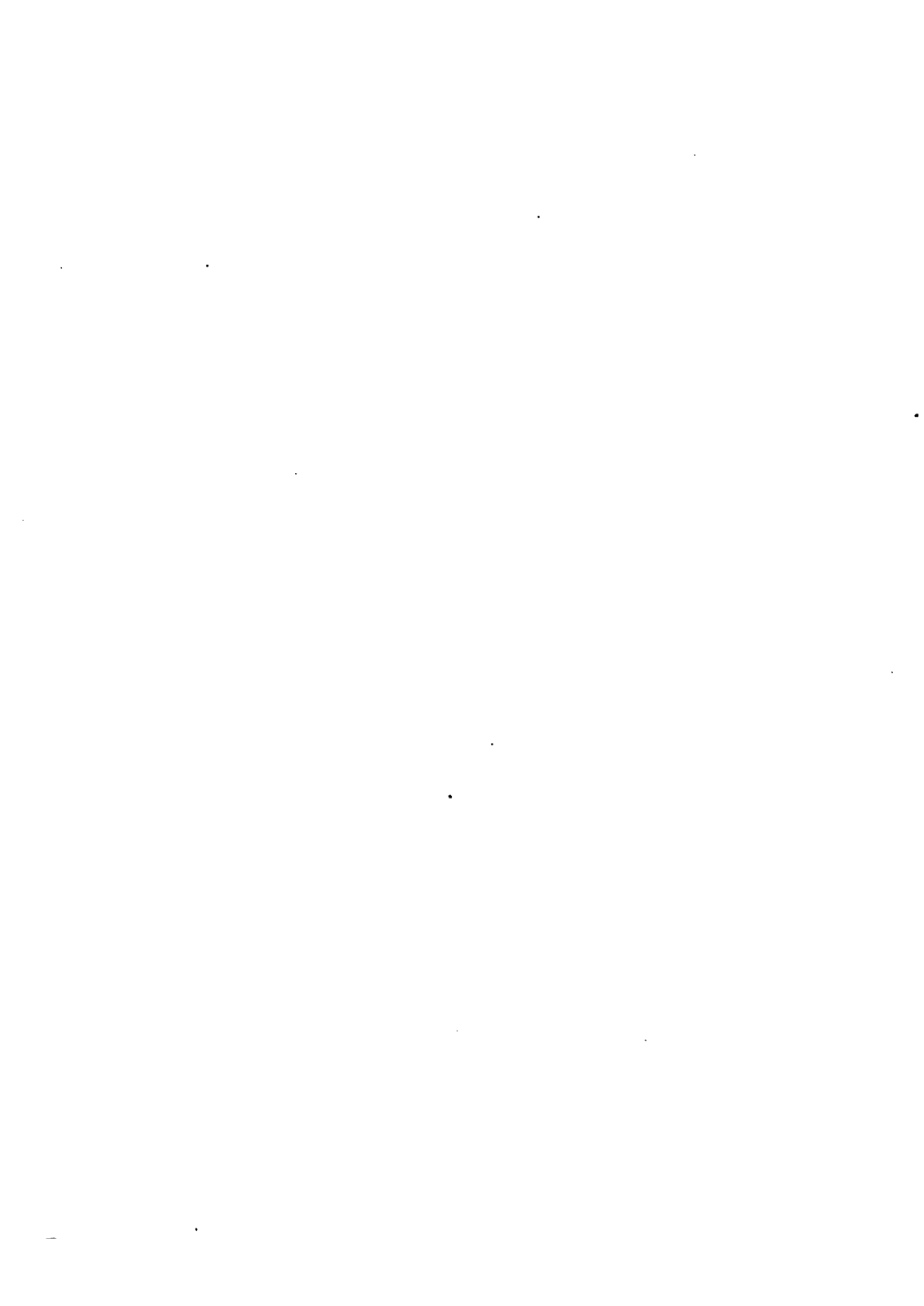
This City Bank, at present "The City National Bank," is now one of the most prosperous banks in Texas. Here I remained seven years, dividing my attention about equally between law and banking.

ty-Eggs

n this  
good  
I,  
heel-  
upon  
ate.  
no  
ood  
ou-  
re  
u-  
r-  
d



Bammy, the Wheel-horse in Our Conjugal Team





*FROM 1865 TO 1895*

On my return to this city later I bought the Exchange—now the American Exchange National, the largest bank in the State.

In 1880 I purchased a home in a distant Northern city; a residence here for much of the time since has been kept up. In 1891 one of the largest Trust Companies in this Northern city,—whose President, also a railroad President, was overworked and desired to go abroad for a much-needed rest,—offered me the Presidency and I accepted it. Not regarding my position as permanent, I, on going in, invested less than one-tenth of my moderate means in the stock of the Trust Company. This company began business with one million dollars paid-up capital, and it had been doing business but six months when I came in. From par in the beginning the stock had in the six months slightly declined. At the end of my first year I was induced to serve as President for another term. At the end of my second year, as nine-tenths of my limited fortune was invested in cattle ranches in Texas, and as my heart was there, I permanently retired, the company being good enough to retain a vacancy for me for about eighteen months, after which time my place was permanently filled by one of the best business men and lawyers I ever knew. The Directors after my retirement were good enough to send to me in my Southern home the following:

“At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Trust Company, held February 14, 1893, the report

**THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER**

of Special Committees being called for, the Chairman submitted the following:

*"Whereas*, The Directors of the Trust Company, recognizing the eminent ability and especial fitness which our President has evinced in the management of the company's affairs, have accepted his resignation with the greatest regret; and, congratulating themselves that he still retains his seat in the Directory, and the company, and that it is to still have the benefit of his zeal and wise counsel, which has already in so conspicuous a manner had so much to do in achieving the marked prosperity of the company:

"RESOLVED, That the Board of Directors of the Trust Company tender to their late President their heartiest recognition of the service he has been to the company, and, recalling his administration, remember him with unqualified pleasure, as not only an extremely able leader and an agreeable business associate, but as the personal friend of every one of them, and they desire to express their best wishes for his future happiness and success.

"COMMITTEE.

*"Whereupon*, It was moved and seconded that the report be received and spread upon our records, and a copy of it sent to our late President, which was unanimously adopted.

"[SEAL]

"Attest: Secretary."

Party

man

my,

ess

ent

is-

g

:-

;



**An Only Child and Grandchild**

***FROM 1865 TO 1895***

This Trust Company, now consolidated with another large Trust Company in the same city, is, I think, one of the most conservative and best managed companies in the world. It pays a four per cent dividend quarterly, and besides its five million capital and over six million surplus it has now near two hundred millions in trust estates.

For twelve years, to be with an only child and grandchild, we lived in Colorado. I have also managed to keep up, through all the years, my Southern home and my interest in the cowboy and in Cowboy Land, and nothing delights me more, to this day, than to live at least a portion of the time at the old home-place, and to camp and coach in this, to me, delightful Cowboy Land.



# CHAPTER EIGHT

## COACHING IN COWBOY LAND

**I** AM not presuming to pose here as a Coaching Man. My coaching has been in the main a half-Gipsy kind of life with the persons and things I love. I am not a naturalist, yet I have always been an ardent lover of Nature, and I am never so happy as when I am close to her.

“O Nature! Mother Nature! Thou  
Another Bible art! and ever  
Wilt teach as thou hast taught till now  
And bloom with God to perish never.”

The extent, too, to which I am indebted to my companions of the brute creation (so-called) that I always take with me, can not be overestimated. My dogs—of which I always take a pair—and my horses love me. The former are ready at any time to give up their lives for me and mine, and both on these journeyings in the wild, although free to go where they please, stay close about us.

It is the persons and the things you love and that love you, and that are a part and parcel of

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

your daily life, that count and make you happy. Because I can have these all the time with me, and a friend or two besides, is why I prefer my style of coaching—if coaching it can be called—to the more showy and pretentious sort—of which so many delightful books have been written.

If there is a more delightful way of journeying than to coach and camp in a new unsettled and interesting country, I have not found it.

Private coaching, in the proper acceptance of the term, as practiced by coaching men in this country, England and France, is an elaborate and somewhat expensive affair. Mr. Farriman Rogers, in 1901, published in this country and in England "A Manual of Coaching." A friend of mine, who, with his charming wife, had before that time spent some happy days with me both on and off a coach, sent me a copy. This book is on a shelf within easy reach of my arm as I write. Turning to the chapter on private coaching, I find he says:

"When a man starts with his coach and horses, from his own home, few preparations are necessary beyond laying out the route and making arrangements ahead at the stopping places. It is necessary, if the party is at all large, to have the heavier baggage sent on by a messenger, day by day, but where that is not possible it must be dispatched to some point ahead, and the travelers must content themselves with modest valises.







For a Park Drive from the City Home

**COACHING IN COWBOY LAND**

"With a good team, carefully driven, from twenty to twenty-five miles a day can be easily made over good roads for an indefinite time. In England and in France, where the roads are admirable, the inns good, and the stopping places near together, coaching trips can be readily arranged. The cost of a trip varies with the locality, but the following list of expenses of a drive in the West of England, with a party of five, will give an idea of the expense:

"Coach, horses (a single team) and two men, 42 pounds a week (this includes the night stabling and feed); hotel bills, 38 pounds; fees at hotels, 2 pounds; railway fares for valet with baggage, 3 pounds; fees to coach men, 3 pounds; lunches and noon feeds for horses not included in the coach hire, 10 pounds; altogether, 98 pounds, about \$484 per week. For a larger party only the hotel bills will be increased, the other expenses will remain the same."

This is all very delightful, as Mr. Rogers says. I know, for I have tried a little of it, and had I the time to spare from my own coaching, I might sigh for more.

But it is not coaching of this kind that I shall write and reminisce of here. My coaching—except an occasional park drive or short country outing trip from my city home—has been entirely a different affair, costing little more per month than Mr. Rogers' estimate per day. If it has lacked the glamor and romance that surrounds old English coaching days, it

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

has provided quite as much excitement, incident and adventure.

It is true, no Dick Turpin or other of his ilk ever stopped my coach on the public highway and required knight and lady to descend and tread for his or their amusement the stately minuet. Still, we too have had our road troubles.

I have been doing in the Western wilds, for forty years, the kind of coaching that most appeals to me, and like the Cunard liners, I, too, could boast that in all that time I have never lost a passenger. Upon different trips, however, I have lost about everything else. Upon one occasion I lost the coach and everything on board. My friends, including my good horses, we were fortunate enough to save. The latter I hung onto until I freed them from their chains, when we all "pulled for the shore" together; the horses doing the pulling and I holding on to one by the tail. My other friends saved themselves, their own little handbags and mine. Everything else went down in the floods and quicksands of the Salt Fork of Red River in Texas. After the flood waters had subsided—which they did the same night—we found one little top corner of the old coach sticking above the treacherous quicksands.

All the bedding, blankets, navajoes, guns, provisions and tent; folding chairs and table and our cooking utensils had gone with the flood of waters, never to be recovered or heard from.

*COACHING IN COWBOY LAND*

We dug three days after the coach, and the more we dug the deeper it sank. Before we gave up the last vestige had long vanished from sight. If it kept settling, as I suppose it did, that old coach is in China now, or in some other hot place immediately under us.

At another time the Kiowa Indians stole all of my horses on the headwaters of a stream in Young County, Texas, and left me stranded two hundred miles from anywhere.

"They paid me then a bitter prank,  
At length I played them one as frank,"

of which I will speak later.

Our coaching trips were usually combination ones; coaching, camping, shooting and fishing were combined with business. The size of our parties varied from two to five. Five was always the limit, as every one must on occasion have a horse to ride. The horses we always took along were carefully selected and capable of doing the various things required of them both under the saddle and in harness. More than that, they were at home with and fond of the coach, and they stayed with and about it and us, even when turned loose upon the range. This they invariably did after the first few days out, and after they found there was feed for them in the big front boot of the coach. This boot would easily hold a month's rations of shelled corn.

We always, too, made it a point to camp where the grass was good; for upon this we chiefly relied for

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

subsistence for our horses, the grain taken along being little more than enough to put a good taste in their mouths and keep them from leaving us. Our coaching trips were often long, lasting sometimes for months. In our early days Bammy—as we call her now—then a blooming young woman and the best of wives, went with me. When a bit tired of the box on the overland coach, how we enjoyed our saddles on the leaders, and miles and miles on horseback riding ahead of the coach which, with the wheelers only, the dusky camp boy could well drive over all frontier roads without a thought from us. Later a young girl that has honored us by being our granddaughter has often been my sole companion, taking her Bammy's place. The granddaughter began our kind of coaching by the time she could walk and talk. "Kickem"—a name she gave herself before she could pronounce her proper one of Clifton—if not literally rocked in the cradle of a coach, was sleeping there nights long before she could dress herself.

We always took a battery of guns along as much for our own defense as to supply our camp table, and for the shooting. Shooting is a less gentle art than fishing. Because of this, I think, we always enjoyed fishing rather the most. There is not one fish in a dozen that is painfully hooked. Nine times out of ten the hook catches him in the skin of the lip where there is no pain and often not a drop of blood drawn. It is more a game than anything else, and the fish seems to

*COACHING IN COWBOY LAND*

enjoy it about as much as you do. Bammy and I had great sport fishing the Wisconsin lakes for bass in our earlier days. When we would take in at one side of the boat a fish too small or that we did not need, we could generally pass him out unhurt on the other side, and this we always did. You can not do this sort of thing in shooting. The shotgun is too deadly. Because of this, while Kickem likes to break clay pigeons by the hour, and while I have seen her on extraordinary occasions, with her quick right and left after driving birds, will hold her own alongside of Tom Draw and Old Gramp, it is not often she can be induced to shoot live birds.

The good four-in-hand team that Mr. Farriman Rogers speaks of, that can go twenty-five miles a day over all roads and keep it up indefinitely, and that are well broken and well matched, is something I have been unable to find, although hunting it all my coaching life. I was once interested in a large horse ranch in Montana. I concluded one summer that I would go up there and break me out a four to suit me. I sent up two weeks in advance of me Mr. Dennis, a friend of mine, one of the best handlers and judges of a horse, as well as one of the gamest men I ever knew. He was to get all ready and to help me in hitching and breaking a four.

Some years before, in buying a cattle ranch in Texas, we got with it between two and three hundred large, well-bred American mares. As they were rath-

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

er in the way in Texas, we had five or six years before put them in with a cattle herd we were driving overland to Montana. We turned them loose on box elder and the Little Missouri River close to where we had our cattle ranch, importing from Germany to put with them some Oldenburg coach stallions, quite sixteen hands high and upheaded with fine knee action.

My plan was to be at this ranch by the time they began to bring in the several bunches for the yearly marking and branding of the colts, so that we could see all of the horses, and I could make my selection of the kind and type I wanted. This branding work was always done at ranch headquarters, where the fences were so high and strong the horses could neither break them down nor jump over them. This branding work usually took a week or two, and it employed for the time being all the hands upon the ranch, the cattle men included.

I, with an old gentle four, reached headquarters by prearrangement the night before this branding work was to begin, driving the one hundred and seventy-five miles from the railroad at Belle Fourche in about a week, with a friend, John S., and a camp boy in a big, strong, old four-horse army ambulance. John S. and I at night slept in the ambulance, the camp boy and dogs on some blankets under it. We camped, of course; in fact, there was but one house on the whole road. As we never stopped at houses in our outings, the fewer of them on the road the better for us. It made our journey all the more picturesque.



*COACHING IN COWBOY LAND*

We arrived at the ranch the night before the work with the horses began. The next morning Mr. Dennis and myself mounted the high fence. Soon we selected a big, fine upheaded four-year-old bay, with fine knee action and black points. In two days we had selected a dozen more of his type and color, all looking about as much alike as that many red cherries. We had the dozen roped and tied securely in the big strong stable. It was Dennis' work to do the preliminary lot breaking, and mine to take the horse and drive him in the four as soon as he would stand with the harness on long enough to hitch him in.

On the morning of the second day I hitched my first wild horse with three of my old gentle ones, and drove them all twenty-five miles and brought him back at night a tired and, for the time, a gentle coach horse. The next morning I took a second wild one, keeping in the one of the day before, and driving two gentle and two wild ones another good day's drive. I was getting on swimmingly and counted on a good high-acting, well-matched young four at the end of two more days, and I would have had it but for a sad misadventure the next morning.

Dennis had picked up an outlaw tramp, and hired him to help in the barn with the horses we had caught up. The morning I was to have my third horse I and my friend John S. were late to breakfast. Charlie, the new man, had taken John S.'s seat at the table. Dennis had told him "to get up and take another"—adding more in jest than earnest—"if he did not want

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

to be kicked." Charlie resented the remark, ate his breakfast, not speaking a word, finished and went out to the stable in advance of Dennis, got his pistol from his grip and put it in the bosom of his shirt.

As Dennis walked into the barn, seeing Charlie standing in a sulky way, he said in a good-humored, jovial tone:

"Charlie, what are you sulking about?"

"I would like to see the man that can kick me," answered Charlie.

"No one wants to kick you; my remark was but a half-jesting one." At this Charlie walked right up to Dennis and said in the most insulting manner, with an ugly oath:

"No man can kick me."

Dennis, now provoked, and much of a man himself, slapped Charlie to the floor with his open hand. Charlie got up, turned his back and walked away, Dennis following, thinking he was after a pitchfork that stood by the stalls, meaning if he got it to catch and disarm him. Charlie, meantime, as he turned his back, unbuttoned the bosom of his shirt, got hold of his pistol, turned quickly and fired. As he did so Dennis grabbed the muzzle to turn it away from himself, but he was too late, the first shot passing through Dennis' body. Charlie kept firing, the two men all the time scuffling over the pistol. Dennis received three of the shots, Charlie two.

Both men were shot through the body. As we ran

**COACHING IN COWBOY LAND**

into the stable both were lying on the floor, bleeding, speechless and dying as we supposed. The weather was hot, flies swarmed by day and mosquitoes by night. No ice and no doctors nearer than the railroad, one hundred and seventy-five miles away, that I had left ten days before. I at once put my gentle wheel horses to my ambulance, put Dennis upon a mattress in it, took water and such little provisions as we could gather up and started with him. A veterinary surgeon that we had at the ranch following with Charlie on a mattress in his spring wagon. I walked my horses every step of the way, as Dennis' groans from the jolts of a faster gait, showed that to go out of a walk would be impossible.

When we started we did not think either man could live an hour. Both were alive when we reached Belle Fourche, after a little more than two days and nights. Dennis, my good friend, now lives in a neighboring city and comes occasionally to see me, and as I take him out in the park behind the horses, we talk of old times and the four we might have had. Charlie, after he recovered, was hung by the authorities, as I learned, for murders he had committed before we took such pains to save his worthless life. Meantime I have coached on without a four, quite to my liking.

For more than a third of a century I have been interested in the range cattle industry. The Western frontier, from Texas to Montana, is the cowboy land of America. During all of this time one of my chief

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

pleasures has been to journey almost annually through some part of this land.

For this journey I usually took what The Abbott-Downing Company, the great overland Concord coach builders, call a mud wagon. Like their overland coaches, this wagon was hung on broad leather thorough-braces. It had a covered top, high wide front seat for the driver, a large boot under the driver's seat, and another large covered boot behind. It was a bit lighter than the regular Concord overland stagecoach. It ran like a top, and was made to pull through the mud, and to stand the rough mountain and plains country roads. Abbott and Downing, now the Abbott-Downing Company, of Concord, New Hampshire, for a hundred years have had the monopoly in overland coach-building. Four light horses could pull the mud wagon where any wheel vehicle could go; then, too, if you had the misfortune to lose or have disabled a part of your team, two of them (as I have more than once found) could pull this mud wagon at slow stages even hundreds of miles, until more horses could be had. If there is a better place for two people to sleep at night upon the road, or a better light portable fort against sudden attack, than one of these wagons, I have never found it.

The Abbott-Downing Company in later days have always made my overland coaches expressly for me, built so the inside seats at each end pulled together and made a bed like a section in a Pullman car. There was a glass window at each side that you could drop





**A Midday Lunch by the Wayside**

*COACHING IN COWBOY LAND*

down inside the wooden panel of the body and shoot from, if need be. With one of these coaches, a companion and a camp boy, I was always comfortable upon the road. We camped out and staked or hobbled our horses on the grass at night; at mid-day we lunched by the wayside. Our baggage and supplies were carried in the large rear boot. Our tent was wrapped around the tent poles and pegs and strapped along the sides. We, with our guns and a pair of hunting dogs of my own breeding (something I never went without) occupied the interior when not driving upon the front box seat. At night I slept in the wagon, the dogs upon the outside of the blankets at my feet. Thus equipped, with a saddled horse to follow, or be led if need be, and the leaders fair saddle horses, and an extra saddle or two in the hind boot, it has been my custom for my summer and fall outings to journey through and visit my own and the other great ranches scattered through this interesting country.

The country of the great plains, beginning on the gulf coast of Texas, south of San Antonio, and stretching north nearly two thousand miles, is the cowboy land of America. This strip of country lies just east of the Rocky Mountain range and averages some five hundred miles in width. It is known as the range cattle belt, and extends through Western Texas, New Mexico, Colorado, Arizona, Western Kansas, Western Nebraska, Wyoming, Montana and the Dakotas.

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

Equipped with wagon, ponies, a kodak and a camp outfit, a journey through this great plains country gives a delightful summer outing. The sun shines warm at midday, but the mornings and evenings are pleasant and the nights delightfully cool. To see it at its best one wants to enter the range cattle belt on the gulf coast of Texas in the spring when the cowman's work begins, and journey north with the seasons.

Almost all of the large cattle ranches of North America were in the southern portion of this belt. The King ranch, one of the largest and oldest, is on the gulf coast of Texas. Here, too, and almost adjoining the King ranch, was the old Kennedy ranch, located in an early day by Capt. Kennedy. King and Kennedy were wealthy pioneer ranchmen in Texas in the early days, and were friends and neighbors and for many years partners. Both Capt. Kennedy and Capt. King are now dead, but the King family still own and live upon the King ranch. This ranch is one of the most princely estates in America. Its hundreds of thousands of acres are divided and subdivided into many pastures. The cattle on it are highly improved from the old days.

In this vicinity, too, were other large ranches, among them that of the Coleman-Fulton Pasture Company, also on the gulf coast and near Aransas Pass and Rockport, all owned by wealthy English or American gentlemen

This portion of the United States is the sportsman's



**COACHING IN COWBOY LAND**

paradise. Aransas Pass affords the best tarpon fishing in the world. The local boatman will guarantee that the skilled and properly equipped fisherman will hook from one to five tarpon per day. The winter shooting, too, is of the best. Quail—the game little Bob White—are plentiful upon the uplands, and wild fowl fill the bays and inlets.

Journeying up the trail farther north in Texas one comes upon other large ranches, viz., The Espuella, The Matador, The Continental, The Capital Syndicate and others. Three of the last named contained each near one million acres of land and twenty-five thousand head of improved cattle. The last named contained over three million acres. The Goodnight was one of the handsomest and best improved ranches in the range cattle belt. Mr. Goodnight has upon his ranch a private park of several thousand acres, where buffalo, elk and deer are bred and domesticated.

The Espuella and Matador were owned by English companies. The Palo Duro by an English lady, Mrs. C. Adair. The Capital Syndicate ranch was owned largely by the Farwells of Chicago. The Continental Land and Cattle Company's ranch, called the Mill Iron, is owned by a stock company. The Continental ranch kept two large kennels of hounds. Two packs were run every day in the year over different parts of the range, under mounted and paid employes, for the destruction of wolves. Before hounds were kept the Continental estimated its loss annually from

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

wolves at 3,000 to 4,000 young calves. Wolves are the bane of the cow business. Their ravages upon the Dakota and Montana ranches were great. They are so exceedingly smart and cunning it is almost impossible to poison them.

For almost fifty years Texas has been the chief cattle-producing state in the Union. It is the great cattle reservoir of the country. Annually, for more than a quarter of a century, a steady stream of from three to five hundred thousand cattle poured over the trail north into Colorado, Kansas, Wyoming and Montana. Before the days of railroads the Southern cow-men traversed these great Western plains, following every northward trail, fording and swimming with his herds every stream from the Red River of the South to the Red River of the North. His stampeding herds and the wild halloo and ready revolver of his cowboys awakened the echoes of every hillside and canyon from the Colorado to Canada.

In 1845, when Texas became a state of the American Union, her 165,000,000 acres of grazing lands were fairly well stocked with a hardy breed of Mexican and Spanish cattle. These cattle were a wiry, nervy, long-horned breed, but they were well suited to their environment. They were the only breed perhaps that could have then subsisted and protected itself and its young amid the wild surroundings of the frontier ranges. It is a well-known fact that the wild Mexican or Spanish cattle have much stronger

*COACHING IN COWBOY LAND*

maternal instincts than have the improved breeds. It is also admitted by cow-men that native or improved cattle upon ranges where wolves abound will raise nothing like the percentage of calves that the common cattle will. Improved cattle are not so ready with hoof and horn. Besides, it is also a well observed fact that they have not the same affection for their offspring. A cow of the improved breeds, if deprived of her calf, will often not mourn for it a day, while a "long-horn," whose calf dies or is lost upon the trail, will, in spite of the herders, escape at the first opportunity and return, if need be, a hundred miles to the spot where the calf was last seen. The common cow will also, regardless of odds, fight for her calf to the last gasp.

It is surprising with what promptness these common or wild cattle will rally and rush to the point of danger at the first alarm. The call of a frightened calf left by its mother asleep in the weeds; the scent or sight of blood; even a shrunken cow's hide or bunch of hair, is often enough to cause the greatest fury and consternation in the herd, and to bring rushing together a wild-eyed bellowing lot of furies.

The range cattle business is attractive, it is fascinating, particularly to young men fond of out-of-door life and bold riding. No cross-country chase or polo field affords better opportunity for display of skilled horsemanship than does the cattleman's round-up, with its separating or cutting, as it is called.

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

No out-of-door business has in it more that is exhilarating, healthful and attractive, and when properly managed it has always been profitable. The boom prices of a few years ago, coupled with extravagant management in the large corporations that rushed into the business, paying often five dollars an acre for unwatered and unfenced Western lands, and twenty dollars a head for common cattle, brought stockholders to grief and bankrupted companies, yet the business is still popular and profitable.

In all of this range country, where millions have been lost in high-priced pasture lands overstocked with high-priced cattle, the individual who has held on to his cattle and had grass for them, has come through all right. He is about the only man, too, in all this range country that has come through all right financially.

The business is a very simple one. To care for, keep within reasonable bounds and preserve the insignia of ownership (the brand burned in the hides) upon the vast herds of cattle that roam these boundless and treeless plains, little other provision is needed than the cowboy with his pony, lariat and branding iron. The pony is the factor in all ranch work. Everything is done on horseback.

The intelligence and activity of these ponies is surprising. A single herder on these vast plains, with only his pony and his lariat, is quite able to catch, throw, tie and brand the largest and wildest steer.

**COACHING IN COWBOY LAND**

It is but the work of a moment. A quick and spirited dash of the active little horse brings the rider within a few paces of the fleeing long-horn. Rising in his stirrups, with a swing or two of his coiled rope, the coil and loop shoot from the loosened grasp of the right hand and settles with unerring aim over the head, horns or heels, as the aim may be, of the luckless steer.

The struggle for supremacy is short and decisive. Like the expert angler, the trained little fourteen-hand horse—for he is scarcely ever more than that—no sooner feels the line begin to run out and tighten than he, by a quick movement or half circle, gradually takes up the slack and begins to brace himself for the coming struggle. Many a lost prize, shock or tumble, has taught this four-footed prairie angler—as it has the expert bass, salmon and tarpon fisherman—that slacks are of all things to be avoided. Tumbles and sommersaults, with mangled limbs and broken bones for both horse and rider, are the almost certain results of a failure to keep a taut line after the cast is made and the prize struck.

Before the lariat is thrown one end of it is always fastened to the horn of the saddle. These saddles are carefully and strongly made and are capable of withstanding any jerk or strain. They are securely fastened upon the back of the horse by two wide and strong girths, usually made of hair. One girth is worn in the ordinary fashion back of the forelegs, the other is placed back in the flank.

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

The wild steer of the plains often weighs twelve hundred pounds. The pony used in roping him rarely exceeds seven hundred pounds weight. No peaceful pursuit in American life calls for more fearlessness and nerve, more hardship and hazard, than does that of the cowboy.

A steer weighing more than half a ton, on the wide prairie, running, plunging and bellowing, securely fastened to a seven hundred-pound pony and a hundred and twenty-five-pound cowboy, is a sight to be met with daily in these regions. The position is a perilous one. Great nerve; and cool careful watchfulness on the part of both horse and rider alone prevent disaster—destruction even. From the moment the coiled rope leaves the rider's grasp the sagacious little pony's strained attention is never for an instant taken from the work in hand.

By swift moves and counter moves, circling, running and halting, the wild long-horn by a sudden trip and pull is thrown. The cowboy at once springs from his pony, leaving the fight for the time being to the little horse, his faithful ally. This active little animal, with a wonderful exhibition of nerve and sagacity, sees to it that the steer does not regain his feet. With a final jerk and pull that throws the steer, the pony suddenly wheels face to the work and braces himself. With extended forelegs, eye and ear to the front, he keeps up the fight. The intelligent little animal exhibits in every glance, breath and motion how he feels the responsibility of the position. The fight, the vic-

*COACHING IN COWBOY LAND*

tory, the life and limb of master and horse, are for the time in the sole keeping of this little four-foot. Extended nostril, anxious eye, panting sides and backward pulls and plunges to keep the rope taut, show how he fully realizes the responsibility. Pretty soon the dismounted cowboy with another rope has tied the legs of the struggling animal, applied the brand, and so adjusted the pony's rope that it can be cast off at will and the maddened steer, loosened when the rider has regained his pony, and is once more in a safe position in the saddle.

The cowboy's "mount," as it is called, consists of a string of eight or ten ponies. He uses them in rotation, or according to the requirements of the business. Hard riding is the order of the day, or of the work rather, so eight or ten horses are really required to each herder. Sometimes four or five are used up by one rider in a single day. When a fresh horse is needed in exchange for the tired one; the man in charge of the horse herd—called the horse wrangler—drives the bunch of fresh horses near to the work and each man proceeds to change, turning his tired horse in with the loose bunch, not to be used again until fully rested and freshened by the nutritious wild mesquite grass of the plains. As grain is rarely ever fed, the horses are seldom ever injured by hard riding. These game little animals go till their strength is exhausted. A night's rest brings them all right again.

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

The cowboy is always a good rider. He is one of the very best in the world. The world's good riders greatly differ in style of mount, in saddle, in bridle and general equipment. All are good in their way and kind, and comparisons are difficult. The English and American gentlemen who ride the flat pigskin saddle with separate rein for curb and snaffle, do well enough in the polo field and when riding to hounds across country, over wall and ditch. But if you put these English or American gentlemen with their flat saddles on smart cow ponies at a cattle round-up, they would part company with the pony at the first turn after a lively yearling. The saddle and seat, the manner of riding and turning are so wholly different. A cow pony chasing a steer upon the plains, ridden with a single rein and heavy curb, turns much shorter and quicker than a hunter or a pony on the polo field after a ball. If the steer turns quickly to the right, the well-trained pony turns as quickly to the left. In this way he comes round in the face of the steer, meeting him as it were. The pony swings round, too, with his hind legs bent well under him, his rump almost touching the ground and used apparently as a pivot to turn on. The cross-country rider or polo player always rides the flat English saddle. His seat is well back and his stirrups well forward. His position when in the saddle is not unlike that of a frog on a shovel. The cowboy, on the contrary, stands rather than sits in his saddle. His saddle is deep with high



*COACHING IN COWBOY LAND*

pommel and cantle. His stirrups are long, well back and directly under him. His head, seat and heels are in a vertical line. His saddle is fastened to the pony's back by a powerful double girth or cinch, placed fore and aft, so that it is almost impossible for it to turn or move. The cowboy saddle is the best for his work. It is well made and high priced, costing all the way from fifty to one hundred dollars.

The Arab, the Cossack, the Bedouin, the American plains Indian and the cowboy are all great riders. In fact, the children of the desert and the plains are the great riders of the world, and they are all pastoral in habits and tastes, and all save the Indian are cattle raisers. It is life with and upon the back of the horse that makes the great rider. Saddles have not much to do with it. A Cossack will perform miracles upon a saddle that looks like a sawbuck astride the horse's back, and an Indian of the great American Desert will perform as great miracles riding bareback with a mere rawhide thong around the horse's lower jaw to steady him. All of the big ranches keep one man who is usually a bold and fearless rider. He is called the "broncho-buster." It is his business to ride all of the spoiled or bad horses. These horses are called outlaws, or "bronchos." When it comes to riding and sticking to a horse's back the "broncho-buster" bears the palm over all the rough and ready riders of the world. Whenever, after continued jumping and bucking, the outlaw fails to throw his rider, he will either

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

give up (and vent his disappointment in a wild kind of despairing cry, or bawl, that can be heard a mile, and which is wholly unlike any other cry that ever came from man or beast), or he will rear up and attempt to fall back upon him. The "broncho-buster" always avoids the backward fall by half turning in his deep saddle, depending upon the high horn and cantle to protect him and to bear the brunt and weight of the fall. The average ranch cowboy is, however, always an active worker and a bold, fearless operator if you will but put him on horseback. He is nothing afoot. Mounted he is a born crusader. The relations between him and his favorite pony are of the closest. Each has the utmost confidence in the nerve of the other, and knows just what the other can do, and will do in any given emergency. It is a mutual trust that neither ever betrays. They almost daily risk life and limb together. A failure in promptness or nerve upon the part of either may cost both their lives. The smartest, most intelligent and best ponies are always reserved for the roping, separating or cutting, as it is called. The smartest of all is held in reserve by the cowboy for great occasions, for the annual tournament, for the deadly night ride before a wild stampeding herd, or for the round-up or roping contest witnessed by a crowd, in which there is sure to be a proud sister or sweetheart. The round-up is the great occasion. It is the gathering on some level flat or plain for the purpose of separating them—of all of

*COACHING IN COWBOY LAND*

the cattle for miles around. The foreman of the ranch, where it is held, or a captain appointed for the purpose, always plans and superintends this important movement. If the round-up happens to be in the vicinity of the settlements the women and children attend as well as the men. The young women always go on horseback. The remainder of the population go any way they can find transportation. This round-up affords the only dramatic entertainment the country enjoys. The night before, or very early the same morning, the captain sends a number of men to all points of the compass. As soon as it is light they all start to drive the cattle to a common center previously designated. The time and distance are so adjusted that the cattle and drivers from all points reach the center before midday so there will be time to "work out the round-up," as they call it. It is an interesting sight to be early on the round-up ground and see the cattle begin to come in over hill and through valley from all directions. They come by tens, by hundreds and by thousands.

When the cattle are all collected upon the round-up ground the work of separating begins. A part of the mounted herders stand guard, as it were, and hold the big herd together, while other mounted men proceed to work the cattle—that is, to ride into and through the herd and take out of it the cattle that are wanted. This taking out of the cattle is called cutting. It is done on horseback and always by a single rider.

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

If two or more mounted men are cutting at the same time, they each cut different animals. They never attempt, as a rule, to help each other. This separating or cutting of the cattle is a beautiful sight. One sees here as fine riding as can be witnessed anywhere. For this kind of work the best men are selected and the best horses. The cowboy who does the cutting, mounted on a smart pony, rides quietly into the herd till the eye falls upon the animal he wants. He then slowly drives it near the edge of the herd. The smart pony before going ten steps knows the particular animal wanted as well as his rider does, so he is alert and watches for an opportunity. When it comes, as it does soon, the pony springs forward at a signal from its rider, and gets the animal separated from the bunch. It is now the fine riding and the fun begins. The cow (or steer as the case may be) not liking to leave the herd, will run, twist and turn in the liveliest fashion. It is usually all to no purpose. Rider and horse turn as it turns, run with it, always keeping between it and the herd. Pretty soon the beaten and discouraged animal gives up the contest and trots off to be held alone or with a small bunch a little distance from the main herd. This cutting is kept up until the large herd is thoroughly worked out; that is, divided into small bunches, or separated as desired. The entire crowd then, excepting the few hands needed to hold the several small bunches of cattle, repair to the "chuck wagon," as it is called, for lunch, and the round-up is over.

*COACHING IN COWBOY LAND*

The range cattle business, like everything else, is evolving. The days of the big ranches are numbered. The tendency is toward smaller pastures and better-improved cattle. The value of individualism in land holding is also being recognized by the government. Corporations can not buy lands in the northern portion of the range belt. It is all reserved for homes for the actual settler. The State of Texas will no longer sell her grazing lands to corporations.

The Texan was the pioneer ranchman. If he is not a direct descendant of Abraham, he is at least a veritable Jacob. If asked, he to his Lord might, like Jacob, say: "Thy servant's trade hath been about cattle from our youth even until now—both we and also our fathers." He, too, is usually in love with his business. He rarely ever willingly quits it. Having once enjoyed the free life, the high altitude, the pure air, the boundless, billowy ocean plain, no "Land of Goshen" ever after lures him.







**Cottonwood Ranch**



## CHAPTER NINE

### COTTONWOOD RANCH

**W**E liked best to visit the Southern ranches in the winter time. Cottonwood, situated in the Panhandle of Texas, on the line of the Indian Territory, was our favorite place. For several years we found it most delightful to go there from our Northern home to spend the Christmas holidays, taking the family, two or three servants, my pet brace of pointers, and often a friend or two. While shooting was never the chief object of the visit, the fact that we could find there both prairie chicken and quail in abundance gave it an added charm for me. Not that I cared so much for the shooting; what I particularly liked was to take a gun and a quiet horse, when I felt in the mood, and ride out alone or in company and see the dogs work. I never made big bags, having no use for the game, so, after two or three brace to my gun, I was always willing to go in.

Our house at Cottonwood was two or three miles from the ranch house. It was located beside a large

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

spring with a little lake by it in a cottonwood grove. The house was in a natural depression, and neither it nor the big old cottonwood trees—centuries old from appearance—could be seen until you were almost on top of them. When I first saw the natural charm of the place and its seclusion, I built more to have there a kind of shooting box than a ranch house. We have kept this place for our exclusive use ever since. The ranch house in plain view to passers and all the surrounding country, we have found a great protection and advantage, furnishing us ready aid when needed, and to passing travelers that free hospitality so necessary to wandering cowboys or stockmen, who chance to be caught out by storm or nightfall.

It was principally at Cottonwood that Kickem early acquired that ready proficiency in wing shooting that upon more than one occasion has afforded me pleasure, and enabled her to so well hold her own with me in shooting company. I fear I will yet in this journal write of some of these shootings. But, of the dogs first.

Early in the eighties, I made my first trip to England, bringing back with me five young pointers: Meteor, Maxim, Flash III, Beta, and another pointer bitch—the name of which I do not now recall, for the reason, I gave her to a shooting friend on my landing in New York. The others I kept. All became somewhat famous in American pointer annals; Maxim and Meteor particularly so. They

*WINTER ON A RANCH*

won first and second on the bench at Cincinnati, Saint Louis, New York and in Canada, and they also won in the field trials. Among their other prizes, Maxim won, at Saint Louis, the Globe-Democrat's gold and silver dog collar, valued at \$150. After they won first and second in the New York Dog Show, J. M. Tracy—the best of all American animal painters—himself a sportsman with whom I have passed some pleasant days chicken shooting over dogs in Minnesota—sketched them. He made them the subject of his grand painting "Close Work," Meteor on a point, Maxim backing. Mr. Tracy sent me a letter and with it a photograph of the painting. The canvas was large, five by seven feet, the dogs life-size. I tried to buy this painting when it was sent to Saint Louis and shown at one of the big Art Exhibitions. Should I ever find or hear of it again, I am sure to make another attempt to purchase it.

In color, the dogs were liver and white, evenly marked, perfect in conformation and grand in every way. They were Mr. Pilkington's entries for the Derby in England when I bought them. Mr. Pilkington was in those days the most famous pointer breeder in all England, I think, in all the world. From this stock, I have always kept a brace of handsome pointers as companions, and for my own shooting.

Meteor and Maxim I always called Dot and

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

Dan. For kennel and field work, I always preferred these to their registered names, and I have from 1880 kept a Dot and Dan about me, and I always will. By the time one brace ages and wears out, I have another coming on, selected from a late litter, as much like the old ones as can be. I always keep at our shooting place a pointer bitch or two of the old strain for emergencies and for breeding purposes. To thus be able to keep a Dot and Dan has meant so much to me.

Kickem's shooting education came about in this way: One fall when she was ten years of age and at school in the North, she was taken down with a severe attack of pneumonia. After her recovery, the attending physician said she must have no more school for that year and advised us to take her to the southern ranch for the winter; and, in fine weather especially, to keep her outdoors and on horseback.

We took the doctor's advice, and at Cottonwood, as much for the athletics of the thing as for anything else, and to fill the place of the school gymnasium—to which I always attached the greatest importance for her—I began in the big room by the open fire to teach her to handle a gun. I would several times a day, and sometimes at night before bedtime, take down from over the fire, one of my pair of light English shotguns and put her through her paces, as it were. I had her carefully observe from the first all the safeguards so necessary to the

*WINTER ON A RANCH*

proper handling of a gun; teaching at the same time, the etiquette of the field, and that careful handling and bearing so indispensable to safety in all wing shooting, without the knowledge and observance of which, no one can be other than a menace and a nuisance in shooting company. In fact, the finished sportsman always proclaims himself by every move he makes in the shooting field, from his first taking up the gun; no words are needed, all sportsmen read him well without them.

About the time I began to school my Chum in the "manual of the piece," by some misadventure a black spot, about the size of a nickel, attached itself to the right side of my nose (liver spots old-fashioned doctors used to call them). I would always have Kickem aim at this spot, I looking along the barrel from my end to see just how good her aim was.

We always used empty shells of course; I taking care no other kind were about the immediate premises; as I had no notion of having my nose or head blown off. So, in our practice, I would have Kickem stand facing me little more than a gun's length away, and at the word "Ready!" she would stand in proper position, the breach of the gun below the elbow. At the word "Pull!" she would bring the gun as quickly as possible to the shoulder and instantly fire, aiming at my black spot; the caps on the empty shells snapping in a most lively sort of way and with quite a little report as she pulled the trigger. As the caps

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

snapped it was apparent just how quickly the snaps came after the word "Pull!" If the cap did not snap at the first sight, I fussed, of course.

Before going to Cottonwood on this particular trip, having all of this schooling in view, I had ordered a barrel of clay pigeons sent down and a trap to throw them. After my pupil, with all this preliminary practice, had become fairly proficient in the quick pulling up and in aiming the light shotgun she always used, I put her to shooting at clay pigeons from a trap set back to the house, just by the porch outside the door. Kickem was required to shoot at ten flying clay birds every morning and evening. As an inducement to the practice, I promised that, when she could break five out of ten clay pigeons, I would take her out after live birds. Kickem required no inducement. She really liked the practice from the beginning, and the lively snapping and the little curls of smoke that would come from the gun muzzle and appear to go up Gramp's nose was all great fun.

In her first morning's shoot at clay birds, she missed them all, one after the other, in quick succession, finding, of course, a quick aim at flying pigeons a far different thing from a quick aim at a stationary black spot. Besides the family and dear old Tom Draw (the shooting name for my faithful ranch foreman and friend, Bob Green, who has been with us for thirty years, and who always shoots with us), two or three cowboys stood by and observed this first effort





**Cramp, Tom Draw and the Other Dogs**



*WINTER ON A RANCH*

of Kickem's. As they turned away with a chuckle, she ran into the house and had a good cry. She was but ten years old at this time.

Kickem, however, kept up her practice. In a morning or two, she broke one out of ten; then two; then three; until finally one morning she broke five. It was then I had to take her out on prairie chickens, as I had promised. This I did the same afternoon, Tom Draw going along to take part in the sport as usual. As this afternoon's shoot is quite an event in our Annals, I shall give it here.

The season was late fall. For weeks the weather had been warm and dry. Tom Draw and myself had once camped near a water hole by a windmill in the prairie, four or five miles from the ranch house to which we had observed the chickens were wont to fly in the evening for water. They usually began to come in about an hour by sun. We had never shot the place, preferring single birds on the high prairie over points from the dogs, comparatively easy shooting, but slow and to be had only when the birds were scattered, and lying in the grass in the hot part of the day, and found sometimes only after hours of riding. So, as we wanted immediate action, and the day was already well spent, we decided to try the little water lake, in the grass along side the windmill. We planned to start in time to get to our hiding places in the high grass around the lake before the evening flight began.

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

We saddled up and were ready to start about four o'clock; Tom Draw and I each meaning to carry a gun and fifty loaded shells. As this was her first horseback effort with a gun, it was my plan for Kickem not to carry one herself, but to take a stand with me and shoot my gun. To this Kickem strenuously objected; she must have her own horse, her own shooting jacket, her own shells, her own dog, and her own gun. As nothing else would do, thus equipped we started. When we reached the shooting place, we dismounted, threw the bridle reins over the horses heads, and formed a triangle around the lake, each about one hundred yards from it. Kickem was all excitement, as could be seen, but with all, cool and careful. As it had been well impressed upon her never to load her gun until she was in position, and about ready to shoot, and never to let the muzzle for an instant (whether the gun was loaded or empty) bear upon, or be swung across, a living thing she did not want to kill, I was not uneasy. Besides, she would be in plain view and within easy call.

Without more ado, I took my stand in the high grass, with my pointer Dan dropped at my feet to do the retrieving. I directed Tom Draw where to station Kickem and himself, and waited and watched. Kickem before starting to take her stand, asked, "Gramp! how shall I shoot at a prairie chicken?" "Stand still until the bird is close, then pull up your gun quickly, take quick sight, and at first sight shoot

*WINTER ON A RANCH*

just as you did at clay pigeons from the trap." "If you fail to kill with the first, fire the second barrel and fire it quickly." Soon, we all were in position, Kickem with Dot dropped at her feet. Dot had always from a puppy been her dog, and she knew how to handle him almost as well as I did. She had seen all my yard training and often took a part in it, and had done quite a little dog training on her own account. We waited a full hour, I think, without sign or sight of a prairie chicken. When we were about to give it all up as a failure, I caught sight in the skyline over Kickem's head of two or three flying chickens coming straight for the lake in a line directly over the girl. I called, ware! ware! once or twice in a low tone sufficiently loud to attract Kickem's attention, and as the first bird passed swiftly over her, with a quick motion up came her gun and bang! bang! went her two barrels, and Kickem heels over head backwards in the high grass. It was a clear miss, of course. After she scrambled up, recovered her gun and we knew all was right, then came Tom Draw's low shaky chuckle. Bob Green weighed a good two hundred and fifty pounds, was quite as big, in fact, as Frank Forester's Tom Draw, after whom our Tom was named, and our Tom could not in the nature of things laugh without shaking all over.

By this time it was sundown, and the birds soon began to come in from all quarters, and we all got busy. Tom Draw and myself lost half our shots

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

from watching the girl and her dog. Kickem, after her first double shot, kept her balance, loaded rapidly and fired a quick right and left, at almost every passing bird, some of them far out of bounds. Soon she began to judge her distance better, and every now and then she would drop a dead bird, feathering and wounding far more than she killed. Dot, all the time on the watch, but perfectly staunch, retrieving them nicely, sitting up and delivering them to her in grand shape. By the time she had killed and recovered three or four, and had feathered and crippled twice as many more, I saw her drop her gun, race over to Tom Draw, followed by her dog. After getting more shells from him, back she came, and at it again she went, she and the dog evidently having the time of their lives. Old Tow Draw doing little shooting, watching the girl, cackling all the time, and evidently having a good time too. Old Gramp, owing to the distractions, doing little better.

Dusk soon put an end to the sport. At the windup Kickem had killed seven, Tom Draw eight or ten, and Gramp about as many more. When we mounted our horses to go home, nothing would do but Kickem must carry before her on her horse her own gun, and in her shooting jacket, bulging from under her arms, every one of her dead birds. In this shape she rode her five miles, through a rough and roadless prairie, all of us picking our way through a pitchy darkness.

When we reached home, on emptying our shooting

***WINTER ON A RANCH***

jackets, we found we had thirty-two prairie chickens. As we stood around the pile of dead birds our enthusiasm waned. All felt we had killed far too many. A brace or two each taken in the open over the dogs in true sportsman's fashion would have afforded ample sport, and given us for the table quite all our needs required. What would we not have given just then to have been able to put four-fifths of the dead birds back, winged flying beauties again alive upon the uplands and the prairies? We never again made a mistake like this. In fact, Kickem never much cared to shoot live birds afterwards and I never urged her to it, except upon one occasion five years later in Scotland. As we acquitted ourselves far better there, I shall no doubt yet write of it in this journal.

Just about this time an untoward event shortened our stay at the ranch for that winter. Returning from a little shoot over the dogs one evening, as we rode up to the house, we heard screams and the wildest commotion inside. Jumping from our horses and rushing in, we found our mainstay, Thomas Jefferson, a faithful colored boy, lying dead upon the floor. He while laughing and chatting to the cook, had tumbled from his chair as he was sitting folding the paper napkins for supper. When Tom Draw and I had turned him upon his back, we found that the poor black boy's faithful heart had ceased to beat.

Thomas had been several times before to that ranch with us. In fact, we never came without him.

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

He was bugler on the coach. At home in the city he was yardman and stable assistant. At the ranch (where we always rough it in a way), he was dining-room boy, waiter, woodcutter, fireman, everything in fact.

Thomas was so good-natured and faithful, and had been so long with us, and we were so attached to him that all was grief and gloom at his taking off. The question was: What were we to do? To get the remains even to the railroad for expressing would consume days. To keep them in the house, even for the night, was impossible.

Meantime the cowboys from the ranch had quickly galloped over, and taking in the situation after a conference, they asked we leave the whole thing to them, promising they would have it right and give Thomas a decent burial before the next night. Knowing something of cowboy methods, thoroughness and despatch, I left all to them without a word. They walked at once into the room, and four of them took up the body in the gentlest way, each with his hat under his arm and they carried it off.

Some of them quickly erected a platform out of sight in the rear. Two more took a wagon and started at once to the County seat for the Coroner's certificate and a burial permit and a coffin. More of them galloped off over the prairie and a mile away at a little knoll on the ranch, they dug by the light of their lanterns a wide and deep grave with a



**Thomas Jefferson Goes With Us.**





*WINTER ON A RANCH*

fitted recess in the bottom for the coffin, which Bammy next day at the burial said was the prettiest grave she ever saw.

First asking permission to take the key to Thomas's trunk, they opened it and dressed him in his best clothes. They then asked for the open wagon hung on thorough-braces that we used for a kind of outing wagon, and they used this for the hearse. It had a high stationary seat in front and two more in the rear that could be taken out. These they removed. They then put the two big wheel horses to the coach and one of the cowboys mounted the box to drive. Two more mounted the front seat of the hearse, and the procession started. All of the cowboys on the ranch following behind the coach upon their horses, riding two and two. The chief mourners were Bammy, the young lady teacher, and Gramp. We took with us the Graphophone and three or four suitable records. The hearse and the coach were stopped close alongside the grave.

With the graphophone on the front seat, the front glass windows dropped down, we first played the "Bugler's Dream." This was followed by "Nearer My God To Thee." The intermingling bugle calls of the first, the sweet subdued tones of the graphophone itself and the voices of the quartette sounded in the open still air of the quiet afternoon in a weird, solemn and most affecting way.

The cowboys then lowered with their lariats the

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

coffin to its resting place. They then covered the top of the casket, to my surprise, with spear and arrow heads, tomahawks, copper discs and other long-buried Indian trinkets they had found in Thomas' trunk. It seems the cowboys had told the colored man that he would likely find under some of the little grass knolls, many of which were Indian graves, such things; and he unknown to any of us had dug them up. Just here old Gramp, although funeral orations had hitherto not been exactly in his line, realizing the opportunity to air his eloquence too good to be neglected, undertook to make a few remarks. He spoke of the unusual occasion, the fitness of it all—the beautiful burial afforded the poor African by the chivalrous representatives of our Western civilization. How! no great distance from each other now lay in their last sleep around us (two or three cowboys had early been buried on the ranch, their graves in sight), three different and distinct races, alluding briefly to the best distinguishing characteristics of each—Gramp literally spreading himself. Their willing hands rapidly filled in the sounding clods and the grave was closed and all was over.

When the cowboys went to the County seat for the Coroner's certificate, coffin and permission to bury the body in a little abandoned graveyard three or four miles away, they were refused the permission, and some persons had told them there never had been but one negro in the country and he had (for

*WINTER ON A RANCH*

some alleged misconduct), been driven out, so they must not bury the colored man in the County unless they wanted him dug up.

Gramp's oration at the grave, his eloquence and pathos brought sobs and tears. Bammy and the young lady teacher quite deluging their handkerchiefs, cowboys shedding tears, one of them at the peroration breaking wholly down, and bursting into a loud boohoo (bawl in fact—so as to completely shut old Gramp off and compel him to retire just as he was getting his second wind and spreading for wilder flights).

To properly finish the job and express their sentiment, a big headboard was set up, upon which was inscribed in cowboy hieroglyphics:

THOMAS JEFFERSON

Died Nov. 8th, 1903

To which this epitaph was added:

Traveler pause and drop a tear  
Black Tom Jeff is buried here.  
Hobgoblins o'er his grave shall strew  
Buckeye blossoms and sprigs of yew.  
Cowboy work so leave Tom be,  
Dig him up and we will see  
You later  
Mill Iron Cowboys.

This epitaph calls to mind another one put up by cowboys upon a different occasion. An ardent and lovable Dean had been told by his physician, that if he wished to live he must give up his church-work;

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

go to the mild, dry climate of the Southwest and live in the open air. Reluctantly he took his physician's advice, went to San Antonio, bought him a pony, bridle and saddle, and on horseback journeyed southwest into Cow Boy Land, daily growing weaker. Riding up to a Range outfit, camped upon the prairie one evening weary and weak, he asked in his considerate, gentle voice to rest for the night. As he dismounted, one of the boys unsaddled and staked out his horse; another improvised him a seat on the water keg, and poured him cool water with which to bathe his face and hands, got him a fresh clean towel, a tin cup of coffee and a tin plate, filling it with the good steaming stew from the camp kettle about which the boys were gathered for their evening meal.

The Dean's life and character was so lovely, such a revelation, the boys would not hear of his leaving them. The Dean could do little to help even himself, but he was most willing to try. He was so cheerful, so gentle, so gentlemanly, so uncomplaining, every man loved and could not do enough for him. The good, young Dean had, however, come all too late to the lifegiving Southwest for it long to give life to him. With whispered thanks and a breathed prayer for all, one day surrounded by weeping watchers, the gentle spirit flitted from the Camp to Cloudland.

Making a coffin out of the sideboards of the chuck wagon and digging a grave in no-man's land, they

*WINTER ON A RANCH*

left the good Dean asleep upon the prairie, the camp the better for having known him.

Upon the wide headboard of his grave they placed his name and the date of his death. When this was done, feeling something was yet lacking a committee of three withdrew to consider a fitting epitaph. After a time they, with a highly pleased and confident air, reported the following:

“He done his damn’dest,  
Angels could do no more.”

After we had thus paid the last sad rites to the faithful black boy, we soon left for the Hot Springs to finish the winter. There the charming young Wellesley girl, by some pre-arrangement, met an old sweetheart and was married. Then Gramp took the young lady’s place in teaching, trying, until we could get her back home to her regular Mentor and Chaperon, to keep her going in arithmetic, reading, writing and spelling.



## CHAPTER TEN

### AN INDIAN EPISODE

**T**HE bane of all my early Western life was the Indian. I was in constant fear of him day and night. When I left the band of cow boys, with whom I journeyed for weeks after I left the mineral springs, of which I wrote some pages back, I had a lonely and most uncomfortable week's ride. I camped at night entirely alone, staking out my horse in the mesquite brush, and making my own camp bed out of the saddle blankets several hundred yards from him, for fear his neighing might attract some Indian night prowlers and I be given in my sleep a rather disagreeable surprise. However, all went well, I saw neither Indian or white man until I was within fifteen miles of the Western frontier town, my destination. My repayment of the Indian prank, to which I referred some pages back, came about in this way: About the time the Indians captured my horses and left me stranded with the coach in Young County, Texas, they captured the mule train of a Government contractor, upon which a western banking firm, for which

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

I was attorney, had a mortgage. After tying the teamsters to the wagon wheels, the Indians burned the entire train, and the teamsters with it, carrying off the mules—some eighty-five head, as I remember.

Young was an unorganized county adjoining Jack County and attached to it for judicial purposes.

Upon my return the firm urged I go at once to Washington to see about the affair, not with any hopes of getting the mules back, but to have the Government protect and pay some outstanding vouchers they had issued to the contractor, payment upon which had been stopped, owing to the contractor's failure to deliver grain according to contract—his failure being caused by the loss of his train. On my arrival in Washington, after a full explanation of the affair, accompanied by the necessary affidavits, the Government paid the checks.

Just as I was about to leave for home, the Secretary of the Interior sent for me, and told me that he had just been advised by wire that the troops at Fort Sill had taken from the Indians some eighty-five large American mules, that he supposed were the same upon which the banking firm I represented had the mortgage; and that no doubt the Indians at Fort Sill from whom the mules were taken were guilty of the theft and the murders.

The Kiowas at this time claimed to be peaceable, and were wards of the Government, in fact, and drew rations from the public crib at the Army Posts. After a little wiring back and forth, the Government or-



*AN INDIAN EPISODE*

dered the mules to be returned to my client, and the Indian chiefs, connected with the affair, to be arrested and sent to Jacksboro, Texas, to the Civil authorities. This was accordingly done; and on the morning of July 3d, 1871, Satanta, the great Council Chief of the Kiowa Indians, and Big Tree (Tablu in the Indian tongue) were brought from the guard house at Fort Richardson, Texas, one mile to Jacksboro, the county seat, and arraigned for trial for murder. The prisoners were brought under a guard of soldiers and handcuffed, to the court-house and turned over to the Civil authorities to be tried for the capture of a train and the killing and burning of the teamsters, in May, 1871, on Salt Creek Prairie, in Young County, Texas. S. W. T. Lanham, afterward Governor of Texas, was the District Attorney and prosecuted the chiefs. Thomas Ball, an attorney at law, then of Weatherford, Texas (recently from Virginia), was appointed by the presiding judge, Charles Soward, to defend the chiefs. The court room was filled to its utmost capacity every day the trial lasted. An interpreter named Jones, who had lived with the Indians forty years, was sent down by the Commander of Fort Sill, Indian Territory (now Oklahoma) to interpret, as neither Chief could speak English. After some delay, a jury was obtained. They severed in the trial and put Big Tree on first; under a plea of "Not guilty."

Judge Thomas W. Williams (brother of the famous "Blue-jeans" Williams of Indiana), also ap-

**THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER**

peared as an attorney in the case. After getting through with the evidence for the State—which was principally the statements of the Indians on their return to Fort Sill boasting of their raid, capture of train, etc. Big Tree took the stand in his own defense and was sworn according to Indian law, that is, by putting one hand on the ground and holding the other up to the Great Spirit, calling upon Mother Earth and the Great Spirit to witness that what he was going to say would be the whole truth. Jones—the interpreter—stated that when an Indian took this oath, he would tell the truth, although he knew by so doing he would be killed the next moment.

Big Tree said that "Satanka, a noted War Chief, was in command of the raid on the wagon train, capture, etc.; and that he (Big Tree) was out on Double Mountain Fork with about twenty warriors hunting wild horses, and knew nothing of the capture until his return to Fort Sill." It was believed he told the truth.

The evidence being through, Lanham opened for the State, reciting all the Indian's bad acts, etc., and asking for the same punishment they had meted out to the train men. The jury brought in a verdict of "Guilty of Murder," and affixed the death penalty. The court then adjourned to the 5th of July, out of respect to the "4th."

On the 5th, the Chiefs were brought in court under guard and handcuffed as before. This was deemed imperative, for fear they might seize the

*AN INDIAN EPISODE*

guards' guns and go on the war-path; kill and be killed. So, for humanity's sake, this was done. Like preliminaries as before were gone through. A jury obtained with the same foreman. The evidence was a little different from that in the other trial, but equally satisfactory to the jury. Lanham argued the case as before. In both trials, General Thomas Ball based his defensive arguments on the flimsy evidence and uncontradicted statements of each, Big Tree's as stated above, and Satanta's statement, that—"He remained on Pease River as Medicine man, while Satanka led the war party on the fatal mission on Salt Creek prairie." A like verdict was returned as before.

The court adjourned to the 6th, when the prisoners were brought into court for further proceedings. The crowd now increased to nearly suffocation. After motions for new trials and in arrest of judgments were made, argued and overruled, the Court asked the prisoners what they had to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon them. The two Chiefs arose and then was witnessed in that Texas court room as grand an exhibition of Indian stoicism, repose, indifference, pride and sullen defiance, I think, as the world has ever seen. Satanta, in the pride of his glory, erect, firm, full six feet, seeming to think he was in a grand powwow; and that he could propose such terms as would satisfy, and all would be well, holding his hands to half his height, spoke thus:

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

"From the time I was a little papoose—so high—I have been the friend of the white man. I never understood the white people before as so many. Send me back to my people and I will tell them you can raise corn on the South bank of Red River, while we will hunt buffalo on the North bank. But kill us and the Indians will come from the mountains and plains—no power can stop them—and sweep over Texas like the flames of the prairies; and kill all in their path. Choose you, Peace or War!"

All through the trials these Chiefs sat as though marble statues, never indicating by eye or mouth an emotion. After Satanta sat down, the young War Chief, Big Tree, arose, his eyes glistening like stars and for a moment fixed upon the ceiling. The time for the execution of Satanta had been fixed at thirty days. Before the War Chief spoke all the sullen gloom during the trial passed from his face; while a smile of a babe's innocence played over it, mingled with defiance. After a moment, drawing himself to his full height, he said: "I do not want to stay in prison thirty days. I am young, and got a stout heart (here bringing his hand against his heart), and am not afraid to die. Take me out and kill me now!" Then he, turning to the Interpreter Jones, said: "When you go back home tell my people how I died." When he finished, all smiles passed as though the marble like face had never worn one.

In Satanta's long plait of hair hanging behind



Satanta, Kiowa Chief



*AN INDIAN EPISODE*

was a woman's flaxen braid about the size of the forefinger. Jones said that in a raid on the plains they captured a train, killed all except a beautiful girl about eighteen. Satanta—then a subchief of little authority—took this girl for his squaw. Returning to camp to celebrate their prowess in a war dance, the big War Chief told Satanta he was going to take his white squaw. She (Lulu by name) clung to Satanta and begged him to protect her. When he found he could not do so, he pulled out his scalping knife and buried it in her heart, cut the long lock from her hair, wove it into his own, and wore it there until he killed himself by jumping from an upper story of the prison at Huntsville, Texas.

Sentence having been commuted to imprisonment for life; the succeeding winter, we got up a big meeting of the Indians at Fort Sill, and sent Satanta and Big Tree along with Commissioners from Texas; they made a treaty with the Indians; and paroled the two Chiefs on good behavior, conditioned they never cross Red River into Texas. Satanta violated his parole; was re-arrested and returned to the Texas prison; where he said: "I no want to live!" and died as stated. Big Tree respected his parole; made much out of cattle and lived for years on his ranch, some twenty-five miles west of Lawton, Oklahoma, no great distance from my own ranch on the Oklahoma and Texas line.

These Chiefs took a great liking to their attorney, Ball, and told him when they went back he must

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

go with them; and they would give him two hundred ponies and two young squaws to herd them. General Ball did not accept the offer.

This Indian love tale and Satanta's bloody deed call to mind a similar one committed by Virginius before the hated Appius Claudius, in the Roman Forum more than two thousand years ago. Some of Macauley's poet lines in the "Lays of Ancient Rome," commemorating this, with only name and place changed, fits well the Indian tragedy:

"This is no Grecian fable, of fountains running wine,  
Of maids with snakey tresses, or warriors turned to swine.  
Here in the western forest, under the noonday sun,  
In sight of all the people, the bloody deed was done.  
Still let the maiden's beauty swell the lover's breast with pride,  
Still let the bridegroom's arms infold an unpolluted bride.  
Spare him the inexpiable wrong, the unutterable shame,  
That turns the coward's heart to steel, the sluggard's blood to flame,  
Lest, when our latest hope is fled, ye taste of our despair,  
And learn by proof in some wild hour how much the wretched dare.

"Straightway he led his love a little space aside  
To where the reeking shambles stood, piled up with horn and hide,  
And then his eyes grew dim, and his throat began to swell,  
And in a hoarse, changed voice, he spake, 'Farewell sweetheart!  
Farewell!

O, how I loved my darling! Though stern I sometimes be,  
To thee thou know'st I was not so. Who could be so to thee?  
Then clasp me round the neck once more, and give me one more  
kiss!

And now, mine own dear little girl, there is no way but this.'  
With that he lifted high the steel and smote her in the side,  
And in her blood she sank to earth, and with one sob she died.  
Then for a little moment, all the people held their breath,  
And through the forest aisles was stillness as of death."



*AN INDIAN EPISODE*

I like the Indian tale better than the story of Virginius. It rings truer and is better vouched for.

A student of history can but suspect that the story of Virginius is but a baseless legend; a minstrel's song to "point a moral or adorn a tale." The Roman's tragic deed, it will be remembered, was claimed to have been committed after the days of Kings, in the last reign of the Decemvir, of which government of ten, the infamous Appius Claudius was chief. This tragedy of Virginius it is claimed caused the downfall of Claudius and the rule of ten, and restored the Tribunes.

The legend is of doubtful authenticity. Any ambitious demagogue, poet or strolling harper, who would harangue, recite, or sing of the justly hated Appius Claudius, to increase his own popularity with the common people, would not hesitate to invent a story so well adapted to his purpose. I never quite liked this Roman legend; to me it never rang true. How Virginius, the fond father, could plunge his dagger into a devoted daughter's heart, "the sweetest maid in Rome," and be willing to live afterwards, I never could quite see. If this old Roman father, instead of wailing that hereafter:

"None will grieve when I go forth, or smile when I return  
Or watch beside the old man's bed, or weep upon his urn."

(as the poet puts it) had instead, before or after his cruel act, employed his murderous activities by rushing with his bloody knife upon Appius Claudius

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

and the lictors, seeking death and forgetfulness, I would have liked him and the legend better. Instead of this, according to the "Ancient Lay":

"With white lips and bloodshot eyes, Virginius tottered nigh,  
And stood before the judgment seat, and held the knife on high."

'O dwellers in the nether gloom! avengers of the slain!  
By this dear blood I cry to you! do right between us twain;  
And even as Appius Claudius hath dealt by me and mine,  
Deal you by Appius Claudius and all the Claudian line!'

"So spake the slayer of his child, and turned and went his way;  
But first he cast one haggard glance to where the body lay,  
And writhed and groaned a fearful groan, and then with steadfast  
feet  
Strode right across the market place into the sacred street."

The Indian did better. After his bloody deed, he stooped, cut a lock of golden hair, twined it with his own and died, saying, before he threw himself from an upper window of the penitentiary at Huntsville—"I no want to live!"

It has been said: "The heroic death is a gift of the Gods to their favorites." Virginius evidently was not a favorite. At any rate, he lost his opportunity, and for this I never liked him or the legend, and never believed in either. When you place the Indian true tale along side the Roman story, does not the poor Indian War Chief fairly outshine the legendary father of Plebian Rome?

The American Indian is poetic in temperament. In his oratory and in his speech he is brief and pointed,

***AN INDIAN EPISODE***

and in both he always uses metaphor. His metaphors, too, are all drawn from things about him: the sky, the rivers, the mountains, the prairies, the sun, the moon, the flames, the growing corn, showing him to be a true child of nature.







The Dignity of Her Senior Year

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

### A FOREST RIDE

**M**Y granddaughter is getting well along in her teens now. She has already attained to the dignity of her Senior Year at "Mary's" and is counting the days until her graduation.

She evidently does not think her blue eyes "pre-ordained to be saddled and bridled with eyeglasses and erudition." She would much prefer to have the saddle and bridle on her favorite horse, and with her knowledge of cooking, acquired mostly in her study of Domestic Science at "Mary's" and her music, French and literature, to take her chances in the open without four more years of indoor College work. I am disposed to encourage her in this.

Kickem plays basket-ball, tennis, bowls, rides, drives, rows, swims, hunts and shoots. She affects golf, too, winning last year the Ladies' Golf Championship Cup at the Missouri Amateur Athletic Association, and first prize at golf in the Ladies' Class at White Sulphur Springs, Virginia, last summer.

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

These, with her "free swing and follow through," and her rich coloring, which I would call lemon and white in a pointer, and her voice to the accompaniment of the ukulele,—(a form of stringed guitar-like instrument she picked up in Honolulu, and which she wails to in great fashion), has already enabled her to bring staggering to her feet certain young men and boys all under age—

"First Captives lean and scraggy  
Of her Cupid's bow and spear."

As my granddaughter is affecting literary airs now, I imagine she will quit boys, and have real men in her train soon. This boy business, I suppose, is but a "passing craze in her evolution."

Should any one ask is my granddaughter a Kicker? I would say: Yes, she is something of a kicker, and with her kicks and her red hair there goes a bit of temper. Both I hope are but other passing phases.

Riding with her along the quiet bridle-paths of the Forest Park we live near, she rather surprised me the other day by interrupting my quiet reverie, as we walked our horses after a smart gallop, with the sudden observation, "Gramp! Your only grandchild should have been a boy!"

"Why, Kickem."

"Because! Gramp! you don't know how to educate a girl. You have educated me like I was a boy. I can't do things at 'Mary's' as well as the





Her Free Swing and Follow Through



*A FOREST RIDE*

other girls. We graduate in June. I won't be an 'Honor girl.' I might have a chance in music and literature, but music don't count, and my literary efforts are only an occasional composition about common things, and places I know about," and a short story now and then that we have to make up and write. I made up one the other day from the flower joke played on cousin Martha years ago when she visited us. Don't you remember it, Gramp?"

"Yes, Kickem, but first about the compositions; what were they?"

"One was about the trip to Old Mexico to look at a ranch; where we took a boat on our train, getting off twenty miles from the Rio Grande River, and waggoning down to the river's bank, where we met the queer-looking band of Mexican smugglers on the American side, and you loaned them our boat to cross their smuggled goods to the Mexican side. Don't you remember, Gramp?"

"Never mind! Take care daughter! please do not make me an 'accessory after the fact.' "

"You did Gramp, you know you did."

"Well! where is that composition?"

"I don't think I kept it."

"Well! what about your other literary productions?"

"Oh! one was about Old Tumpwitchitt, the Indian Chief you know, whose profile in the high rock guards Pinecliff (our home in the Rockies), and sees that





*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

"That is not at all bad, Kickem. What else have you?"

"My last composition."

"What was that about?"

"That, too, is of our country home in the mountains. I thought I never could do anything with that. This was a composition we had to write in the class in forty-five minutes. Every girl could choose her own subject, but they all had to write. I had been working hard for a month writing criticisms on Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice*, Maria Edgeworth's *Helen*, and Scott's "*Peveril of the Peak*," books the class had read. My brain was so mixed and puzzled over it all, I sat the forty-five minutes through my mind a perfect blank. When our time was up I went to my teacher and explained as well as I could my situation, telling her I had not been able to write a line. She told me that she wished every member of the class to write this composition and that she could not excuse me, and for me to go home and rest and write it that night, and bring it to her in the morning. She had told the class that she wished all to write this composition after the style of Charles Lamb's essay on *Old China*."

"This teacher had in a suggestion she made to the class about writing of our childhood days as an old woman given me a clue—so that night by the wood fire in your den, I wrote my composition and gave

*A FOREST RIDE*

it in the next morning, taking for my subject "A Wood Fire," and writing as an old woman."

"Was that short, too, and can you repeat it?"

"I think so, at least I will try to give it about as I wrote it."

"A WOOD FIRE."

"As I sit in front of the open fire, and make pictures in the glowing embers, my mind goes back to our mountain home.

"There, as a child, I used to sit in the great room, before a roaring fire, and listen to my grandfather and his friends discuss the day's hunt. They would tell of the long journey over the mountains with the dogs, and of how, when the dogs struck a trail, they would give tongue and follow, the men after them. Then of coming up with, or perhaps treeing the bear; when the men would shoot; the bear would fall; and the dogs be whipped off. My eyes would fairly pop out, so eager was I to hear. And then, when I had told them all good-night and was carried off to bed, the great shadows on the walls would become bears, and I, a mighty hunter.

"So the night passed, and in the morning I would open my eyes and watch the sun rise over the mountains, and see its long shafts of light fall upon the red rocks and great forest pines. Now and then I would hear the soft tinkle of the cow-bells, or the joyous notes of a meadow lark, and above all the roaring of the water, as it rushed over the great

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

boulders which blocked its way. Then I would dress and go down to the stables to see all the horses and cows, and when the breakfast bell rang, a very hungry child would answer the summons.

"After breakfast I often rode or went to the station for the mail; but my favorite amusement was to climb up to a high rock called "Inspiration Point;" by my elders, but I called it my castle. I used to pretend I was the queen of all the mountains and valleys. I had my castle way up high so that I might see my whole kingdom. The great rocks were my fortresses and the valleys and hillsides my gardens. Off in the distance were streams and a large lake, which were rivers and oceans. The tall and stately pines were my sage counsellors and the graceful aspens my courtiers. This was my dearest dream, my kingdom.

"But alas! the glowing embers have fallen apart and my kingdom and my youth remain to me only as a precious memory."

"I think this is capital, Kickem! Our mountain home seems to have made quite an impression on your imagination. I think we will spend this summer there."

"What about the Flower Story? Can you give me that?"

"No, Grandpa, not on this ride. It is too long."

"Will you give these all to me when we get home?"

"What for, Grandpa?"



*A FOREST RIDE*

"To put in my journal."

"Are you keeping a journal, Grandpa?"

"Yes."

"What for?"

"For you, dear."

No more was said during the ride. In silence we walked the horses home. That evening when she had as usual finished her lessons by my study fire and was about to give me her customary good night and go upstairs, she said as she stood by my chair—

"Grandpa! I don't think you want my compositions and the story you asked for in your Journal. I have not corrected them. They are just as they came from my teacher. I think I am really as good in English Literature as most of the girls in my class, and that I have read quite as many of the best standard novels—thanks to you—but the compositions and story are not much. I can't write of things I don't know about."

"Nobody can, daughter."

I unlocked my desk and opened before her the title-page. As her eyes passed over the three dedicatory lines to herself, they filled with tears. She kissed me, and passed up stairs, sending me down the asked for papers. As she may like in the coming years, long after they are forgotten, to again see them I copied from her manuscript the exact words of her short essays substituting them for her verbal recitations on the ride.



## CHAPTER TWELVE

### RIDING AND SHOOTING IN SCOTLAND

**W**E got some riding and shooting in Scotland. We had gone over to spend three weeks at a country place in a hunting and shooting country. We were asked to come prepared to both ride and shoot. We took Kickem's side-saddle and our pair of light English shotguns. We arrived three or four days before Christmas. Kickem riding hard in the hunting field every day, I, each day (Sunday excepted), doing more or less pheasant shooting at country places in the neighborhood to which we were always, by way of courtesy to the friends we were visiting, invited. On New Year's day, there was at the country place where we visited, both a meet and a pheasant shoot, something quite unusual (upon the same place, and for the same day), even in that rich hunting and shooting country.

Kickem was urged to shoot, and, although much preferring to ride to hounds, she, at my urgent solicitation, finally one day agreed to do so. The next

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

morning when they were lining us up for the shoot, fancying she might be a bit nervous in such distinguished company, there being a duke, a duchess, a dowager, and many other distinguished people present, I requested the girl to be placed next to me.

As we faced the first covert, and I looked down the long line of shooters—placed about seventy-five yards apart—I confess I felt a little nervous, not so much on my own account, as for my Chum. I had been doing a little of this kind of shooting in less crowded and less conspicuous company, for a week or more. This was, however, my Chum's first appearance. As the rise was sure to be a long one—about two hundred yards—and, as we were lined up over one hundred yards from the cover, and, as there was quite a wind blowing from it, I knew the birds would come fast and high. Beside, Kickem was the only lady shooter in the line, and there was quite a little gallery (friends who had walked over from the house), standing just behind her, to see how the young American girl would handle and acquit herself in such a company. I felt it was a trying position, and I walked over and asked if I should not request the little group to stand farther away, and not to speak. She replied, "No, I don't mind!"

By the time I returned to my stand, the beaters had started into the cover, shouting and beating with sticks upon the tree trunks and all was waiting and suspense. Soon, a single bird flushed, and came

*RIDING AND SHOOTING IN SCOTLAND*

driving for the line, and, although it came high and fast, the gentleman whose stand it was pointing for neatly dropped it. Other single birds began to come in a scattering kind of way, about half of which were missed. Then came right for old Gramp a swift flyer that although a bit nervous from the responsibilities of the occasion, he had the good fortune to stop. The birds were scarce and scattering in this first cover, there being few there in fact, so every bird and shot was seen by all the line and by the spectators. This rather added to the interest and excitement.

Soon, there came straight for the girl a big Cock Pheasant flying high and fast with a strong wind behind him. As Kickem's bird came on with its rich plumage and streaming tail all watched and waited. The girl stood with her gun down—I thinking she never would pull it up—until the cock was well-nigh over her, then with a quick motion up it came, and as it touched her shoulder her first barrel quickly cracked and old Gramp's heart almost ceased to beat. It was a clear miss and old Gramp knew it, and knew he was too far away to help. Just then the girl, evidently having lost the bird, made a quick whirl facing to the rear, and as she again caught sight of it, with a quick snap—shot from her left—she dropped the brilliant Cock Pheasant stone dead. It was all quickly and most cleverly done. As the shooters gathered at the center (as they always do while

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

waiting for the beaters to go to another cover), you can be assured the girl came in for quite her share of the congratulations.

Soon the beaters were again in position at the back of another piece of wood. As the shooting line was faced about to front the new position, a small clump of bushes hid the girl from me. Soon, I heard two shots in quick succession from Kickem's gun. Thinking it had gone off accidentally, I called to her to know what the matter was? She replied, "Nothing, Gramp!" "I killed a bird, that is all." It was the first bird that came from out the last cover. It was a hen pheasant that flew low, so I did not see it. I asked back, "Where is the bird?" She replied, "Just in the little clump of bushes in front of me. It will come up all right." This (clump of timber) also had but a few birds in it, consequently, there was but little shooting from this cover. When the beaters had beaten out the cover and we all had assembled again in the center, it was found that Kickem was the only one that up to that time had killed a brace. She was, of course, again congratulated.

The clouds had been heavy and lowering all the morning, and just then a light shower of rain began to fall. Kickem at once ordered up her cart. As she began to put on her wrap, and the assistant game-keeper, who had stood behind her, began to put away her gun, there was a polite but general protest. It

*RIDING AND SHOOTING IN SCOTLAND*

was urged the rain was but a passing shower that would be over before the beaters could reach the next cover. The friendly protest, however, was of no avail, the girl replying in the kindest and sweetest way, as I thought: "No! I thank you very much. I will shoot no more live birds. I have a brace to take home, and I want no more. Positively, I cannot shoot again," looking all of the time in a most pitiful way at the stack of poor dead pheasants piled up on the ground before us.

Two or three gentlemen from Edinburgh then, to whom we had been introduced at the house before going out to shoot, stepped forward and politely begged permission to take her birds that night to the city with them and have them mounted and packed ready for her to take home.

As she mounted the dog-cart to drive away, Gramp climbed upon the box beside her, feeling that for the rest of the day, he would prefer to see the fox-hunting, the riding, the dogs, and the habited fair, than to shoot.

The meeting was at eleven, and we left the shooting party just in time to see it. As the girl turned her horse to drive off, I observed she took the road out that would carry us to the entrance gate, where the hunting company was to assemble. Before going far, at a turn on the wooded highroad, we saw ahead of us at least a hundred horsemen and horsewomen, with a lot of vehicles of all kinds lined up on each

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

side of the road. The riders were everywhere, standing, moving about, filling the center of the road, and clustering upon the velvet grass in the park, where the first run was to be. The hounds—a big, handsome pack, nicely and evenly marked—were being held farther away by the huntsman and the whips. The master, whom we well knew, upon his big hunter, was moving and bowing everywhere.

As the riders in the road moved right and left to let us through, the groom behind in our cart called our attention to a Victoria lined up on the road to our left a little way ahead, telling us the occupants “were the Dowager and the Duchess of R,” the latter by all odds, as I already knew, the richest American girl that ever married abroad; and none there, I am told, have better deported themselves. She was of the King’s set then—that was in Edward’s time. She is now, I see from the papers, a great favorite with Queen Mary, and at present perhaps the most honored American woman about the Court.

Kickem is, I think, a right good whip. She early learned to drive, and can handle quite well a Park Four upon occasion, without ever having had to pay Howlett of Paris, or Batony of New York, ten dollars a lesson. As she in her quiet, unpretentious way, that morning drove through the hunting crowd, handling her whip and reins, and sitting the box with that easy grace that so bespeaks the horsewoman, all eyes were upon her,—those of the charming





**She Handles Well a Four Upon Occasion**



*RIDING AND SHOOTING IN SCOTLAND*

Duchess and Dowager not excepted, neither giving so much as a glance at Gramp, who gotten up in his nattiest sporting togs, felt quite put out about it; however, as he received an invitation to shoot pheasants on the Duke's place, he became reconciled. We drove straight home. The girl on no account being willing to wait and see the start. On reaching the house, we found there was not a decent hunter left in the stables. This being the first meet and run of the new year, all had been taken. There was quite a company at dinner that evening. By this time about all of them had seen the American girl ride, drive and shoot. To say that old Gramp was just then a bit proud of her is putting it mildly.

Kickem, excepting a flying teal once in a while at our duck shooting place on Caddo Lake, and a quail now and then at Cottonwood over a point to please me as we ride, and together from horseback work the dogs, has never shot live birds since. She, however, keeps up her trap shooting, and is fond of it. Our riding in Scotland was in no way eventful. Gramp satisfying himself, by viewing the hunt from a high trap on the road, and an occasional ride on horseback with his charming hostess in the large Woodland park of a thousand acres, in the center of which stood the country house where we visited. This park with its grand old trees, undulating landscapes, rides and drives, reminded me much of Forest Park in Saint Louis.

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

A rider who follows the hounds in Scotland, and blinks none of the jumps, gets falls and plenty of them. Our host, now the Master of the Northumberland pack there, got fourteen the season preceding our visit, as he told me himself. Old bones are too slow to knit for Gramp to want any of this. The girl went straight at every thing and went over, stone walls excepted. The only jump of Kickem's that Gramp cares to talk about, however, was not taken in Scotland, but in a run with the Denver pack, when on her favorite horse, General—she right after the Master—the bravest man and rider I ever knew, cleared the high line ditch in a jump of thirty-two and a half feet. Of this jump I must tell in a succeeding chapter.

The Ancient Persians, we are told, educated their youth to ride and shoot and tell the truth—no bad way. Gentlemen in our own olden time raised their boys in much the same way. So, after all, I do not know that the system is altogether bad.

## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

### KICKEM'S RUN WITH THE DENVER HOUNDS

**P**RIOR to Kickem's taking it, no woman of that country—and there were good riders there—ever attempted to jump the high line ditch and very few men have ever taken it. The girl took this flying, in a run with the Denver hounds. As this was a somewhat famous hunt in the Annals of the Denver Hunt Club, and was also on New Year's day, with sixty or seventy good riders in the field, a dozen fair ladies amongst them, I shall tell of it here.

I was not a member of the Hunt Club that gave this run. I had ridden with them once or twice, but Kickem never. She was a school girl but just coming into her teens then. We kept at the time a small pack of hounds at a ranch in the foothills forty miles away where we would sometimes go on Saturday for a bit of a run after a wet skin; the country being too rough to run a live wolf in, he at the first burst, always making straight for the mountains

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

never a half mile away. At a week's end, we would occasionally have two or three of the hunt club riders down there.

In my horse-show days, besides my coach and other heavy harness classes, I had a few good ones I kept for the jumping class. Except in the Horse Show season, these jumpers all ran loose on the mountain ranch. In the little valleys there, shade, water and grass were abundant. So the horses had a good time, no one being allowed so much as to saddle them when we were away. Finally, tiring of so many useless jumpers, three or four were sent to Denver and sold at auction. Two of them, High J and Chilcoat, capable of clearing a six and a half, or even seven foot hurdle, at the Horse Show. Out of the lot, we kept two big upstanding chestnuts, General and Masterpiece. General was the girl's horse, and an old dear, never good on the high jump for over four and a half feet. At that height and all below it, he won more first moneys than all the others combined; and for a run across country, for power and the broad jump, he had no superior.

This New Year's run was to be a drag hunt, and they laid out a good one of fully eight miles. Among the other jumps was the high line ditch, a canal really, built by a big English Company for irrigation purposes—crossed as a rule only on bridges. It was cut wide and deep, with perpendicular walls, in many places the top so smooth as to be invisible upon the grassy prairie fifty yards away. The ditch was

**KICKEM'S RUN WITH THE DENVER HOUNDS**

equally perilous whether dry or filled with water. The day of the run it was perfectly dry, the banks where the hunt crossed being as level as the borders of a garden walk.

As it was to be a holiday and the hunt was to start and finish at the Country Club—the M. F. H. made me promise to bring the girl and for both of us to ride. Although not liking it overmuch for the youngster, I made the promise, and the next morning at ten, putting our saddles and bridles in the trap (to save us the long five-mile ride on horse-back to the Club), I with a lady friend, my granddaughter's companion and teacher—herself a good rider, started for the Club; Kickem all equipped, riding the General alongside. We were half an hour late. As we topped the hill bringing the Club in plain view, we heard the twang of the horn and saw that the hunt was moving out; the dogs, the huntsman and the whips, some distance in advance of the Master and the field. Seeing we had no time to saddle or go by the Club, I whipped up, taking a short cut on a cross-road, hoping to intercept the hunting party before the dogs took the trail and all were away, calling to Kickem to "gallop on and join the field and stay with them in a quiet way, no rushing, no risks," Kickem promised, and away she went on her big chestnut, he with his strong, free stride looking the great hunter that he was and the slender girl, with her black habit, light hands and easy seat,

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

looking every inch the rider. How old Gramp fumed then that he was to be out of it.

There was no help for it now, however, so, whipping up, I intercepted the party just before they were off. I saw the Master was on Chilcoot, and a fine, young chap—a namesake of my own, a crack and fearless rider, was there on High J. There was besides, as I observed, a strong field of both sexes, with what looked like racing mounts. So I well knew they were going to run for it.

By this time, the huntsman's horn was going, so, as I called to the Master, and my namesake to have an eye to the girl, the eager dogs took up the scent, and with a burst, away they went, every hound giving tongue and straining to be first.

It was a glorious sight and a glorious day. There had been a crispy frost that morning. It had warmed up a bit, the scent was fine, and the air was that clear you could see for miles in the far distance, hear the twang, twang, of the horn and the noisy clamor of the dogs, as they went fast away towards the mountains. The Master held the field well back in an easy gallop until the dogs were well-nigh a mile ahead, then he let them go. Before they could run onto the dogs, they were winding in the little foothills, in and out of sight, over a sandy and rough country, where the riders had to slow up and pick their way. Here there was a check and for a time



**KICKEM'S RUN WITH THE DENVER HOUNDS**

the pack and field were out of sight, and the party away from roads and out of reach of wheels.

No one had been informed as to the route the chase would take. I had a pointer from the Master as to where they would cross the road about three miles out, so, in my trap, I kept this road followed by other vehicles, and some onlooking riders.

As we drove slowly on (the chase in view all the way until it struck the little foothills), the clear air seemed to magnify the horses, the riders and the hounds. Soon the pack turned at a right angle from the mountains, and came across the open plain bearing to cross the road ahead of us. The rough country and the check had again put the hounds well ahead, and they crossed our road several hundred yards in advance of the Master and the field.

As the hounds crossed not over one hundred yards in front of us, I marked the exact spot and drove quickly up and stopped as near it as I dared. On came the Master, closely followed by two or three good front ones, and then the field, all going well-nigh at racing speed, the hounds making music well in advance of them. It was a pretty sight. My eyes, of course, were all for the girl. As I caught sight of the old General's high head right in the center of a crowding field, wringing wet to the eyes, and swaying from side to side in a mute appeal for his bit and head, I saw at a glance he was in trouble and the girl in no safe place, so, as soon as my voice

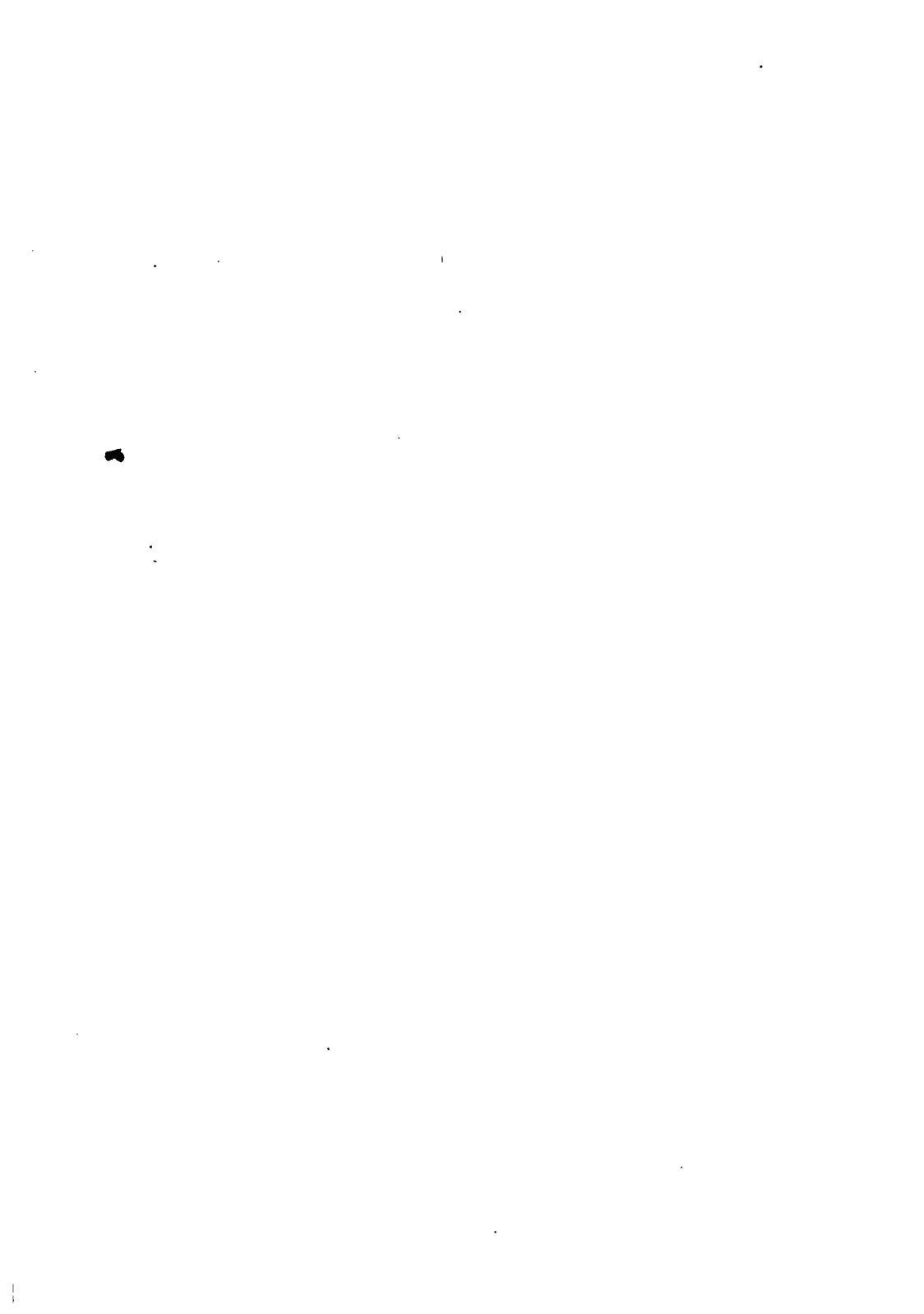
*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

had a chance to reach her, and while the bunch was yet fifty yards from the road, I jumped on my seat, held high my whip and at the top of my voice, yelled: "Give the General his head and let him go!"

Up to that time, the girl in obedience to my injunction had been holding hard, and giving herself and the old horse a bad time of it.

The girl saw and heard me, so, no doubt, did the old horse. The big chestnut, as soon as his head was freed, gave it a glad shake, set it high, and in a dozen strides had the girl alone in the safe open, going fast and easy to the front after Chilcoat and the Master. Here old Gramp went wild; his sporting blood was up; not knowing what was before them, he would just then have freely backed the girl and her old horse against the field.

The onlookers on wheels is sadly handicapped in the hunting field. What would I not then have given to have been on Masterpiece to see it out without losing sight of a single stride. As it was, I could only see the rest of the run from a distance. Whipping like mad over any road offering a close parallel, I made the trap wheels hum, and I lashed the team into a foam. The chase was becoming by this time, as I could see, more a race, depending upon riding, blood, bottom and endurance than upon anything else. Hounds began to be passed and to fall out by ones and twos. The field was fast thinning, stringing out into a cracker. I whipped into another road,





General and the Girl Flying Over

**KICKEM'S RUN WITH THE DENVER HOUNDS**

hoping for a closer parallel. The run was veering, turning more and more towards the Club House, meaning to cross as I feared the big high line ditch. Heavens! what will become of the girl! Can I stop her? I turned my team, dashed along the road that crossed the bridge over the high line ditch, but I was all too late, the girl was over and making for the Club House.

The Master's first words to me were: "Colonel! I saw the girl too late to stop her!" "You should have seen it!" "After we saw you where we crossed the road, we went on at a reasonably stiff pace over a good, level country, the good ones coming a bit strung out not far behind me, your granddaughter well up amongst them. When I reached the high line ditch, Chilcoat took it in good style, as he has done two or three times before with me. As Chilcoat settled, I looked back, there was a man and horse down in the ditch, and to my horror, General and the girl flying over them. The girl when she saw what had happened pulled the grand old horse the least bit to one side as he gathered and took off, so he leaped diagonally clear and clean right over them, the girl settling and landing like a bird and coming right on without a bobble. The jump was thirty-two and a half feet by my measurement, measuring the horse's hind foot tracks from his taking off on one bank to his landing on the other, the ditch itself being sixteen feet from bank to bank."

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

Right after this we walked to the Club and celebrated. To my Why? when I met and hugged my granddaughter, she simply said: "I saw Chilcoot take it Gramp! and I knew General could jump anything Chilcoot could." We then took the street car home. As old Gramp feeling gay and boyish jumped off the rear platform that New Year's evening upon the melting snow of the slick asphalt street, up went his heels and down came his two hundred gross, square upon his right shoulder. This put him into the hands of an Osteopath for a good four months. Meantime, the girl still rides, and Gramp rides, jumps and celebrates.

## CHAPTER FOURTEEN

### THE BIOGRAPHERS

**E**STHER SUMMERSON, one of the loveliest of Charles Dicken's characters, after narrating in *Bleak House* in a most charming way and at some length her own life events, begins another chapter by saying, "I am tired of writing of myself and I imagine those who may read what I have written are ready to say, dear! dear! you tiresome creature, can't you keep out! I wish you would. I hope anyone who may read what I write will understand, that if these pages contain a great deal about me, it must be because I have really something to do with them and can't be kept out."

Like Esther, I am tired of writing of myself; and I am going to keep out; leaving to an already published biography what further has been said as to my business life, habits and tastes; for I said in the beginning of this journal that I would browse from all fields pick and quote from all authors who have said somewhere and sometime better than I can, the

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

things I want said here—So, as in “Who’s Who,” and in “Old and New St. Louis,” and in “Representative Men of Chicago and St. Louis,” and in “The Prose and Poetry of the Live Stock Business” they have been good enough to say things about me better than I can say them, vouching for the truth of the facts, and wholly disclaiming the undeserved eulogies expressed or implied, I from the last named beg to quote as follows:

“The Colonel was born on a farm, and early learned the importance of being able to take care of himself. There are natures that bloom under trials, and the conditions in which he was thrown made it necessary for him to go with the tide or to take hold of the helm and guide the boat with his own hand. Fortunately, he decided to be the captain of his own salvation, and on the frontier of the Southwest, in the midst of the rudest surroundings, in the early cow-camp, on the trail, in the court-room, at the desk of the financier, and in the position of a man of large business affairs, he has placed his reliance upon a calm judgment that seldom fails its possessor and points in the right direction, provided it be rightly nurtured and implicitly trusted. Judgment, after all, is one of the most important of the faculties, and he who has it becomes a prince among men. It is to good judgment that he owes his success.”

“During all his active life, he has been closely connected with the live-stock business, and he is known



**THE BIOGRAPHERS**

in the United States and Europe as one of the most prominent live-stock men of America. Banking and law have also occupied a large share of his attention, and in each of the three distinct branches he has attained a remarkable degree of success."

"As a lawyer, first in general practice, and later in the conduct of cases for the corporations in which he has been interested, he has attained eminence. As a banker, too, in different cities and under different conditions of business, he has been equally successful; in fact, he has never been identified with an institution or business which was not successful; and as owner and operator of great cattle, horse and sheep ranches, the financial results have been uniformly gratifying. It is doubtful whether a similar record in these three different departments of business, each calling for special qualifications and training, has ever been attained by any other man of the West.

"It may truly be said that all human history is merely a succession of biographies. The plays upon the stage are acted biographies. The biographies of successful men are full of interest and instruction and convey an enthusiasm and infuse an energy which are found nowhere else in literature. As the world progresses and intelligence becomes more manifest, the ideas and examples of the great men of business are more closely studied and their influence is more distinctly felt. Who can estimate the effect upon the world of a successful life? If it is true, as some modern thinkers claim, that every successful thought adds

**THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER**

to the impulse which is ultimately to make this globe an elysium, indeed, how important to the general welfare are the chronicles of these lives. It is safe to assume that every successful man makes a lasting impression upon many whose characters are forming, and every person who habitually maintains an attitude of hopefulness and confidence, contributes to the upbuilding of the race, and is a benefactor to humanity. It is seldom any man will exert himself unless impelled by the stern demands of necessity. As a brilliant writer said of Cervantes: "It is his poverty that makes the whole world rich."

"His unpleasant introduction to Texas had no ill effects upon his mind. He soon learned to love the State and its people, identified himself permanently with its interests, and ever since has maintained a residence there, and has never voted elsewhere in his life.

"After the War, he located in a frontier town of one of the richest counties of the State. At the close of the Civil War, it was a frontier trading-post. Here the settlers over a wide region came for their supplies, and the outfitting establishments were prepared to furnish everything considered necessary for a cow-camp, hunting party, or new community. The almost untrodden area of West Texas was to be peopled; but first it was necessary to get rid of the buffaloes and then the Indians. For years West Texas was terrorized by roving bands of Indians, and more than once the Colonel pursued the intruders or was pursued by them. Many times he drove over the road at

*THE BIOGRAPHERS*

night with his wife in order to avoid possible attack in the daytime. Settlers were obliged to be constantly on the alert, and yet hundreds of lives were lost on the Texas border.

"There is a glamor of romance in the life of the frontiersman, and it was not uninviting to the Colonel, as he is an ardent lover of Nature, and is happiest in the mountains or on the great plains."

In one of his magazine articles, he said: "The solemn silence of the plains is awe-inspiring. Nowhere in all creation—the wide ocean not excepted—does man seem so insignificant. Nowhere is nature more a Bible. The summer days are long in these high altitudes. The dawn comes clear and cool and early. The great sun rises big and round and warm. It is a warmth that is not unpleasant till nearly noonday; then the sun shines hot and for a time drives one to shade of wagon, tent or awning. By mid-afternoon it is delightfully pleasant again. Then comes the evening; the sun goes down with neither tree nor mountain to cast a shadow and break the twilight. Night follows with its stars and stillness."

The Colonel began his business life as a school-teacher. While teaching school, he was concluding his study of law, and upon admission to the bar he began practice on the frontier of Texas.

"The criminal law practice," said he, in reviewing his early experience at the bar, "was highly lucrative on the frontier, where men of wealth would often

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

fall out and fight and kill. Human life was not held in great respect in the early frontier days."

"The settlers of West Texas, at the close of the Civil War, were people of original character, and many of them were of striking individuality. This remark also applies to the lawyers of the frontier. In mental ability they compared favorably with their brethren anywhere. They were as a class strong men."

Finally, the growth of the Colonel's business kept him much in Saint Louis, where a larger field presented, and in 1881 he was made president of a cattle company, one of the largest of its kind in the world, with a capital stock of \$3,000,000, and interests in Texas and Montana. For over thirty years, the Colonel has been at the head of this company, whose operations have been upon a magnitude equalled by few livestock organizations of modern times. The company owns two ranches aggregating three hundred and fifty thousand acres, in the Panhandle of Texas, on the Red and Pease Rivers, from which hundreds of thousands of cattle have been supplied to the market. This land is now being divided into small tracts for settlers, and will be gradually disposed of to the mighty army of homeseekers, whose approach is transforming the cattle range into farms. The company owns a sheep ranch in Southwest Texas and for many years operated extensively a horse ranch in Montana.

In 1898, the Colonel also acquired a residence in a Western city on account of the advantages of the cli-

**THE BIOGRAPHERS**

mate of the mountains for his only child; and in 1902 he organized a Trust Company there, which has grown into one of the most flourishing young financial institutions of the Rocky Mountain country. For years, notwithstanding his residence elsewhere, he has all the time maintained his home in the suburbs of one of the handsomest cities in the South. Here a suburban place of more than 400 acres is systematically conducted, and the Colonel and his family endeavor to spend the winter months amidst old friends and congenial surroundings.

"His residence in the Western city is one of the finest in a city of magnificent residences, and contains one of the best libraries in the State where it is situated. The great hall is decorated with battle-axes, blades, pikes, and war-clubs gathered from all parts of the world."

"He is a Unitarian, so far as his religious views are concerned, and the only pictures that adorn the walls of his library are those of Darwin, Spencer, Tyndall, and Huxley, the study of whose works has been to him a constant delight."

"A private summer home of 4,000 acres, owned by him, in the foothills of the mountains, is not surpassed in beauty by any other mountain home. Here the Colonel entertains his friends upon a scale commensurate with his large resources. At all of his ranches and establishments he maintains horses and riding and driving outfits adequate for large house parties."

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

"The Colonel is a lover of fine horses and fine dogs, and few men in America take greater interest in these animals or have owned a larger number of them. Coaching, the horse, and the dog are his diversions; and such is his kindness to all domestic animals that they respond instinctively, and a complete sympathy exists between him and even his most nervous and spirited horses. The thoroughbred and the Oldenburg coach horses are his favorite breeds, and it is doubtful whether any man understands and appreciates the horse better than he."

"As a coach and four-in-hand driver, he is matchless, and as such he has carried off prizes at a number of the great horse shows of America. He is a thorough admirer and breeder of pointer dogs, and enjoys nothing more than a day's wing-shooting over them. He travels thousands of miles driving and riding across country for pleasure, following the chase or upon hunting or fishing expeditions. His skill as a wing-shot has brought him a number of trophies and his love of nature is so great that when the fever seizes him, he closes his desk and is up and away across country, driving a spirited team or with dog, horse, and gun seeking health and recreation far from the perplexity and strife of professional or commercial life."

"In his long trips overland, he rides in a hunting coach, made through special order by one of the great overland coachmakers. He carries provisions, tents, saddles, guns, dogs—in fact, everything necessary for

*THE BIOGRAPHERS*

camp or outdoor sport—and on these trips he never stops at a house or a hotel. One of his summer coach excursions extended from the Gulf of Mexico to Montana, through the cattle country of the great plains. An illustrated article entitled, 'Through Cowboy Land in a Wagon,' which he contributed to one of the magazines, indicates that had he turned his attention to writing for the entertainment of a wide and growing class of readers who appreciate the beauties and teachings of nature, he would have gained a permanent place in literature. During his coaching and hunting trips, he invariably occupies the box and drives regardless of weather."

"It is his nature to go from one extreme to the other, and when he leaves his office he leaves every business care behind him and enters into the spirit of play with all the zest of a youth of fifteen. Owing to his ability to enter so fully into the simple and natural pleasures of life, he enjoys a fullness of health known to few men. His capacity for mental application is the marvel of his friends, and gives him an advantage as a lawyer, as he is thus enabled to go well to the bottom of every subject. He never enters the court room until he has made complete preparation, and when he has concluded his address (to the court or jury) there is little of real importance left untouched or unsaid.

"In criminal, commercial, or land practice, he has been equally successful. One of his recent victories was in 1903, when he gained a case involving title to

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

50,000 acres of land from the State of Texas, claimed originally by squatters, and doggedly contested in the Federal courts, finally winding up in the Supreme Court of Texas, with the State as the party plaintiff, where the positions of the Colonel were fully sustained. It has been his custom in all his business career to manage his own legal cases and those of his corporations, as he found it easier to do this than to acquaint other attorneys with the facts as he knew them, to say nothing of the law."

"As a public speaker, he is clear, logical, forcible, convincing, and he always talks to the point. He has no patience with subterfuges or evasions, either in the court-room or in business, and is a staunch believer that the only real victory is the one gained through straightforwardness and honest methods.

"As a soldier, he was recognized by those who fought with him as one of the boldest and most dashing fighters of the Confederacy, and this characteristic has never departed from him. Lawyers who have been pitted against him in great cases will recognize the truth of this assertion."

"To enter fully into the opinions, the actions, the life-career of a man possessing the marked individuality and varied abilities of the Colonel would require a volume. His range of vision covers all the period of the development of the live-stock business, and in this development he has been a leading factor. His first partner was one of the largest and best known men in the country, in the cattle business. One



*THE BIOGRAPHERS*

morning, in West Texas the partners awoke to find that the Indians had stolen their horses, and they were obliged to walk seventy-five miles to get a little team of mules to draw the coach in which they had been traveling. On another occasion, in company with the same partner, riding jaded horses, on the plains near the head of the Colorado, the eye of the Colonel noted objects moving in the distance. In a short time the objects drew near, and proved to be a large party of Indians, homeward bound from a horse stealing expedition among the settlements. It was a critical moment when the Indians discovered the lonely white men, and the savages halted and discussed the situation. To attack and kill the two men would have been the work of but a few minutes, and there could have been only one result had the charge been made. But, to the inexpressible relief of the Colonel and his companions, the enemy withdrew in haste. The Indians had concluded that a large party of frontiersmen was near and that they would be led into an ambushade if the two supposed scouts were attacked."

"The Colonel was engaged in some large land deals. He at one time came within fifty cents an acre of buying the entire Adair Ranch of Texas, and later he declined a liberal offer made by J. J. Farwell, of half the Capitol Syndicate Ranch of 3,000,000 acres, the offer being made with the proviso that the Colonel should assist in building the capitol of Texas. He gained a correct impression of the value of land in the plains region, and large areas which he bought for

*THE JOURNAL OF A GRANDFATHER*

fifty cents an acre are now in the market at \$5 to \$7 an acre."

"In 1868 the Colonel married into an old Alabama family. One child brightened the household."

"The Colonel has passed through the extraordinary changes from the buffalo camp to the crowded metropolis; his theater has extended from the Gulf of Mexico to Montana, and he has been personally acquainted with most of the noted and picturesque characters of the South and West during the great formative period. He has traveled extensively in the United States and Europe, notwithstanding his business responsibilities, at all times exercising an energy and an independence and a self-reliance that were inherent in him even as a boy. Always a close observer of men, an omnivorous reader, and a student so faithful that he carried his law books in the limber of his cannon during the war, he has gained a mass of information that has been to him a constant solace and refreshment. His knowledge, however, has not all come from books. An observant writer has remarked: 'Intelligent men of business are the most sensible men in the world,' and any person who goes about with his eyes and ears open will learn that there is a wisdom born in some men that transcends the learning of the schools. Through the harmonious blending of important elements is produced the individual who directs the affairs of the remarkable twentieth century."

"The world requires that a man shall be a master

***THE BIOGRAPHERS***

in what he undertakes, and in the great race common-sense always has right of way. The Colonel came out of the army a different man from what he was at the beginning. His eyes were opened; he had seen enough bloodshed for one lifetime; and his most welcome vision is the dawning of a day in the history of the world when a parliament of nations shall settle all great disputes that have heretofore disturbed mankind, and the vast armies and navies shall be turned to nobler purpose. The Colonel emerged from the war a persistent advocate of a peace congress; and such is his disinclination to fight his battles over again, it is said he never alludes to them."









